POEMS

On ſeveral OCCASIONS,

AND

TRANSLATIONS:

WHEREIN

The Firſt and Second Books of *Virgil's Æneis* are attempted,

In Engliſh.

By *Tho. Fletcher*, B. A. Fellow of New-College in *Oxon.*

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TO THE

Reverend *William Harris* D. D.

Schoolmaſter of the College near *Winton.*

SIR,

ALthough your Favours to me have been ſo many and ſo undeſerved, that I ought to take all Opportunities of acknowledging them; yet the very nature of this little Work ſeem'd to deſign You for it's Patron, and almoſt prevented my Choice. For to whom could I with ſo

much Confidence addreſs it, as to You, who are accuſtomed to encourage the Endeavours, and pardon the Imperfections of Youth: Many of theſe Verſes were written while I was under your Care, and being the Product of Hours which I ſtole from the ordinary Buſineſs of your School, and employed otherwiſe than You directed; I am obliged to ſeize this only Opportunity, which is left me, of making You reſtitution. I am too ſenſible, how mean and unworthy a Preſent I now offer You: only I hope it may not ſeem ſo improper to You, who are daily converſing with the ancient Poets, and making new Ones; as perhaps it might

to

to any of my other Friends, who are generally engag'd, in more ſevere and ſerious (though none in more Uſeful and Honourable) Studies.

Sir, I do not find that I have any great Talent in Complement; and if I had, I ſhould at preſent think it Uſeleſs: For I muſt beg your leave not to be ſo impertinent, as to open to the World what an honourable Senſe I juſtly entertain of your Worth; ſince You are placed in a Station ſo eminent that your Learning and Prudence, your Induſtry and Fidelity, your Courteſie and Generoſity, and eſpecially the Sweetneſs of your Temper and Converſation, together with all your other Vertues,

muſt be much better and much farther known, than I can hope this little Book ever will. I ſhall fully obtain all that I aim at by this Addreſs, if it may be accepted as a Teſtimony, with what Reſpect I am,

Honoured Sir,

Fairfield, Nov. 6. 1691.

Your moſt Obliged humble Servant

T. Fletcher.

THE

THE PREFACE.

I Am afraid the Reader need not be inform'd that theſe are youthful Poems. I have now ſpent very little more than a third part of my *threeſcore years and ten*, and I was much younger when many of theſe Poems were written. Indeed they were generally the Performances of a School-boy or a Freſh-man; which I hope may in ſome meaſure excuſe the lightneſs of ſome of them, and the meanneſs of all. The Tranſlation of

of that part of *Virgil*, which I here publiſh, was indeed a work of time, and crept upon me at broken Hours: when, tir'd with Philoſophical Studies, I choſe to let down my Soul, and prepare my ſelf for Converſation, by entertaining my thoughts with the Elegancies of that unimitable Poet. Being pleaſed with his Thoughts in Latin, it was natural to try how they would look in *Engliſh*, and that Trial produced a Verſe, and another, another; till at length I found my ſelf far gone in a bold Work, before I knew what I was doing. Such as it is I now preſent it to publick

publick view. And, tho' I acknowledge it every way unworthy of the Original; yet methinks there is nothing which I can ſo hardly forgive my ſelf, as that I took ſuch pains to make it worſe than I needed. I mean, by confining my ſelf to Rhime, when blank Verſe, as it would have been more eaſie, ſo I am perſwaded it would have been more natural. Methinks blank Verſe carries in it ſomewhat of the Majeſty of *Virgil*; when Rhimes, even the moſt happy of them (after tedious pumping for them, and having good Expreſſions balk'd for want of them)

them) do but emaſculate Heroick Verſe, and give it an unnatural Softneſs. In Songs, Paſtorals, and the ſofter ſorts of Poetry, Rhimes may perhaps be not unelegantly retain'd; but an Heroe dreſt up in them looks like *Hercules* with a Diſtaff. I have therefore annex'd a few Specimens of *Virgil* Tranſlated in blank Verſe; and becauſe I would be impartial, I took the beginnings of the three next Books. I hope my Failings will not be an Argument againſt my Opinion; for tho' I am unable to perform ſo great a Task, yet I perſwade my ſelf that, if a *Dryden* (a Maſter

Maſter of our Language and Poetry) would undertake to Tranſlate *Virgil* in blank Verſe, we might hope to read him with as great pleaſure in our Language, as his own. Whether I have carried this Humour too far in writing a Blank *Pindarique Ode*, let others judge: only this I have to ſay, that the licentiouſneſs of Rhiming, which is uſual in that ſort of Poetry among us, will make the want of it leſs diſcerned; at leaſt it will clear me from the imputation of chuſing Blank Verſe out of Lazineſs.

THE

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POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.

The Second *Epode* of *Horace* Tranſlated.

HAppy the Man, who free from Debts and (Care
(Such the firſt Mortals were)
Enjoys his ſmall hereditary Field,
By his own Oxen till'd.
No harſh Alarms of War diſturb his Eaſe,
Nor dreads he th' angry Seas;
He flies the Bar, nor does he meanly wait
At his Lordſhip's ſurly gate.

But either to his ſtripling Poplars joyns
The marriageable Vines:
And pruning uſeleſs branches from his Trees,
Grafts happier in their place:
Or in a winding Vale is pleas'd to ſee
His lowing Cattle ſtray:
Or his Bees labour in clean Veſſels ſtows:
Or ſhears his tender Ewes:
Or, if grave Autumn o'er the Fields creſt
His Head with Apples deckt.
How pleas'd the uſe of well-plac'd Art he reaps,
Freſh Pears, and purple Grapes!
Of theſe an Off'ring to the Gods he yields,
The Guardians of his Fields.
Now on ſome Oak's large foot he reſts his Head,
Now on the flow'ry Mead.
Where thro' high Banks a neighb'ring Current plays
Birds murmur thro' the Trees:

And

And chiding Rills, which o'er the Pebbles creep,
Invite to tender ſleep.
But, when cold Rains and Snow at *Jove*'s Command
Th' inverted Year attend;
With full-mouth'd Hounds into the crafty Snare
He thruſts the foaming Boar:
Or his thin Nets extended on the Buſh
Betray the greedy Thruſh:
The tim'rous Hare, and foreign Crane requite
With Profit his delight.
Who cannot hence all anxious Cares remove,
And chiefly thoſe of Love?
But if a modeſt frugal Matron ſhare
His Houſhold, and his Care:
(Such as the brisk *Apulian*'s Sunburnt Bride,
Or the chaſt *Sabine* Maid)
Who makes the Hearth with aged fuel burn,
Againſt her Swain's return:

Whoſe humble Hand thinks it no ſhame to pen,
And milk her wanton Kine:
And in neat Veſſels to her Lord does bear
New Wine, and unbought Fare;
Not all too bounteous Nature's Luxury,
The ſpoils of Land and Sea,
A guſt ſo grateful, as pick'd Olives, yield,
Or Sallets from the Field;
Or Lamb, or Kid ſlain at a ſolemn Feaſt,
With which choice Dainties bleſt,
What pleaſure 'tis to ſee the fat Flocks come
From Paſture bleating home!
To ſee the weary Oxen faintly tow
Home the inverted Plow!
And with large ſwarms of uſeful Servants ſtor'd
To ſee the wealthy Board!
Thus wiſely talk'd th' Old Banker, weary grown
Of Buſineſs and the Town,

Summon'd in all his Principals, and then —
He put 'em out agen.

A Tranſlation from the firſt Book of *Boethius de Conſol. Phil.*

I Who in ſprightly Verſe once ſung my Joy,
Muſt now ſad thoughts and mournful numbers (try
The ſullen Muſes only Grief inſpire,
And Ills unfeign'd ſad Elegies require.
The Muſes faithful to my ſuff'rings ſtay,
Nor dread th' Infection of Miſery.
Theſe, who did once my happier Youth engage,
Are now the comforts of my wretched Age.
For I am Old; Age haſten'd on with Cares
And Sorrow claims the remnant of my Years.
Untimely Snow deforms my careful Head,
And ſhrivel'd Skin o'er my craz'd body's ſpread.

Death to Mankind a mighty Bleſſing were
Would it our Youth and happy Minutes ſpare,
And only reſcue us from Age and Care.
But ah! the wretched's Cry it never hears,
Nor ſhuts thoſe Eyes which are kept ope by tears.
While faithleſs Chance her empty Goods ſupply'd,
Fate ſeem'd in haſt, and I had almoſt dy'd.
But now forſaken, and reſign'd to Grief,
Death ſcorns me too, and I am curſt with Life.
Why, Friends, ſo oft have ye pronounc'd me bleſt,
Secure, above the reach of Fortune plac'd?
By ſad Experience I've your Errour found,
He, that could fall, ſtood but on ſlipp'ry ground.

A Song to his Majeſty at *VVinton.* 1684.

FRom the troubles of State, and the Noiſe of the (Town,
From being as buſie as great,
From the tedious Pomp that attends on a Throne,
To Quiet and Us you retreat.

Here you ſpend thoſe ſoft hours in Princely delight,
Which alone do the recompence bring
For the buſineſs and cares which wait on the Great,
For being ſo wiſe, ſo gracious a King.

Thus while the World was innocent and new,
Gods, kind and bountiful, like you,
Tir'd with the long Fatigue of Majeſty,
Oft forſook their Thrones on high.

And to ſome humble Cell vouchſaf'd to go,
And by their ſweet Retreat below,
Bleſs'd both themſelves and Mortals too.

Cho. Welcome, Great Sir, with all the joy
That's to your Sacred Preſence due;
With all the Mirth which we enjoy,
That Mirth which we derive from you.

Ver. Bleſt by your Preſence every thing
Does with new Vigour now appear.
Another freſh and blooming Spring
Seems to recall the aged Year.
The happy Hours, which haſten hither,
Creep hence unwillingly and ſlow.
Time doubting ſtands, and knows not whether
Nature to obey or You.
Yet, might it your acceptance find,
Each Minute ſhould for ever ſtay:

But

But ſee! the Crouds, which preſs behind,
Force the foremoſt Hours away.

Ceres for you would have reſerv'd her ſtore,
But for ſuch greatneſs thought the ſight too poor:
And not unjuſtly fear'd ſhe might become,
By being too officious, troubleſome.
And the God of our Art bid us come to ſalute you,
And begs you would kindly accept of our Duty:
But refus'd to aſſiſt us with his Divine Fires,
How ſhould they want a God whom your Preſence
(inſpires.

Cho. Therefore we freely come to praiſe
You, the Author of our Joys;
To own our happineſs, and grow
Much more happy by doing ſo.
For Angels themſelves, who are perfect in Joys,
No more happineſs know than this,

To

To ſee, and adore, to love and to praiſe
The Fountain of their Bliſs.

Song.

While you with Muſick and with Beauty charm,
And ev'ry Senſe alarm;
All Hearts their ſtrange united Pow'r confeſs,
Yet dare not wiſh it leſs.
Love finds to ev'ry Heart an eaſie Way
Or thro' the Ear or Eye.
So fair your Face,
So ſweet your Voice;
You ſeem at once to be
Both *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*.

II.

See how the Amorous, the happy Air,
More happy far than I,
Proud to be moulded into Sounds by her,
About her Lips do's play!
Till kiſt into a Note it skips away,
And prattles loud its Joy.
Ah! Cruel Fair,
Your Scorn forbear
Nor give that Liberty
To Air, which is deny'd to me.

Song.

O Extaſie Divine! I cannot hold!
Farewel dull Earth! ſee! where my raviſh'd Soul
Stands ſhiv'ring on the edg of it's ſlow Clay!
With the next riſing Note 'twill fly away.
I faint

I faint! I faint! the pow'rful Charm forbear!
Nay; but ſing on; ſure that will keep it here.
Whither fond Soul! Ah! whither would'ſt thou fly?
To Heav'n? can there be ſweeter Harmony?
'Tis ſtrange the Charms of Harmony, which give
To all things Life ſhould make me ceaſe to live.
Yet is this Death? If it be thus to die,
Death cannot be a Curſe: or if it be,
Ye angry Pow'rs may't ever light on me.

To *Thomas* Lord Biſhop of *Bath* and *Wells* ſtaying at *Winton*, after his promotion to that See. 1685.

AS when of old on *Ida*'s verdant Plain
Paris the young, the gay, the charming Swain,
Long with ſucceſs had reign'd the Shepherds Lord,
And their pride; prais'd by all, by all ador'd,

At

At length acknowledge mighty *Priam*'s Son,
And warn'd to leave his Cottage for a Throne,
Forc'd to be great, and raviſh'd to a Crown,
Long doubtful thro' the penſive Shades he roves,
Loth to forſake his dear familiar Groves,
And all his tender flocks, and all his tender loves.
Oft to the Nymphs and Swains he bids adieu;
Oft tells his Caſe, and how he's forc'd to go.
The Nymphs and Swains as much concern'd as he,
Weep, doubting whether 'tis for Grief or Joy.
To loſe their darling Lord unwilling they,
Yet dare not bid him from a Kingdom ſtay.
While diff'rent Paſſions thus diſtort their mind,
In their rack'd breaſt a doleful Joy they find,
And blame the Fates for being too ſeverely kind.
So you, Great Sir, our Joy, our Pride, our——
(For your exalted State fain would I frame
Some more expreſſive, more endearing Name;

But

But ah! you were ſo much our All before,
That now you are not, nor can e're be more)
To your Succeſs what Tribute do we owe!
We would be grateful, but we know not how.
To ſhew our Joy were but to bid you go;
Such farewels are to parting Tyrants due,
To baſe, dull men, and all who are unlike to you.
Yet can we grieve, and wiſh you always here?
Meer Envy that, and no leſs Madneſs were,
Than to wiſh our Friends, who with th' Immortal (reign
Themſelves Immortal, here on Earth again.
Yet you vouchſafe to bleſs us with your ſtay,
And ſlowly hence even to Glory fly:
But ſmiling thro' theſe peaceful Shades you glide,
Like ſome calm Ghoſt where all his Treaſure's hid.
You, who had largely clear'd your Debts before,
Now out of Charity t' o'repay the ſcore.

Thrice

Thrice happy *Bath* to you with joy does bow,
Much to Great *Charles* ſhe ows, and much to you,
Nor does ſhe more to her own *Bladud* owe.
She now ſhall feel thoſe ſtrong Meridian Rays
Of that bright Sun which in our Eaſt did riſe.
But tho he ſhine with greater luſtre there,
Yet were his beams more cloſe and tender here.
For ſtill the Sun moſt vital warmth beſtows
On that bleſt Earth, from which himſelf aroſe.
Nor ſhall this Age alone your Glory know,
But ev'n Poſterity ſhall boaſt of you.
When future times ſhall *Wickham*'s off ſpring count,
Who did by ſteps the Seat of Honour mount,
Then, then ſhall you, and only you, be found,
Who reach'd a Mitre from ſo low a ground.
When others often pitch'd, and ſtop'd for eaſe,
At one bold flight you gain'd the mighty Space.

Thus

Thus all e'en the Unintereſs'd admire (high'r.
The glorious height you've reach'd, and wiſh you
Full Tides of Joy all Shores and Channels fill,
And on each Brow ſits a contented ſmile.
Only we feel a dull, imperfect Joy,
Fear'd abſence preſent Comforts does allay.
Yet why ſhould we by diſcontented moan
Idly diſturb your pleaſures, and our own?
For thus *Rome* loſt (if that a loſs could be)
Her Founder to be made a Deity.

On the Recovery of the *Spaniſh* Wrack, by Captain *Phips*. 1686.

LOng uncontroul'd had the proud Ocean
Uſurp'd a lawleſs Tyranny o'er Man.
Where'er it roll'd, the Arbitrary Tide
Plunder'd, and Nature's uſeleſs Laws deſy'd.

No

No place ſecure to Mariners was known,
Nor were their Goods, nor were themſelves their own.
Oft caught in Storms by wanton Whirlwinds made,
They and their Hopes together ſunk and dy'd.
In vain did they the pitying Heav'n implore,
Heav'n that ſhould pity them, was ſcarce ſecure.
So great the Rage and Av'rice of the Sea,
Not all it's Floods could waſh it's Guilt away.
Tho on each Wave there rode a Bucanier,
Tho *Tunis*, *Sally*, *Tripoly* were there,
No greater Pirate than it ſelf it bare.
Phips, firſt of all the Heroes of the Main,
Durſt make Reptizal on the Sea again.
He *Neptune* firſt with equal pow'r attack'd,
And firſt by him the Sea it ſelf was wrack'd.
Beneath vaſt Depths where Waves retire to reſt,
Nor Moons nor Winds the ſleeping Floods moleſt;

A Maſs of harmleſs Virgin-wealth there lay,
Unſtain'd by Avarice or Luxury;
Which had not Juſtice yet, nor Peace oppos'd,
Nor Pardons bought for Sins it ſelf had caus'd.
It there, while thouſand Tides their Circuits run,
Lay unregarded, and deſpair'd the Sun:
Till *Phips* at laſt the wond'ring Metal drew
From deeper Mines, than where at firſt it grew.
Thro' harmleſs Waves the wanton Divers play,
And with diſſembled drowning, mock the Sea.
The wond'ring Fiſh on their new Brethren gaze,
And greet the ſtrange Appendix to their Race.
Secure of danger play'd the wat'ry kind,
Nor fear'd the Net for nobler prey deſign'd:
Soon had they fill'd the lab'ring Ship with Coin,
Almoſt enough to ſink it back again.
Thence with ſwell'd hearts and ſails they homeward fly,
And trembling Waves bring their own wealth away.

And

And first, Great Monarch, at your feet they lay
This humble Tribute of your Subject Sea.
'Tis true, the *British* Monarchs long in vain
Have boasted Sov'reign Lordship o'er the Main;
But never was their Pow'r confest till now,
By Fate that Blessing was reserv'd for you.
Long did the floating World your Courage dread,
Your Fame as far, as Seas themselves, is spread.
When other Foes have all your Pow'r confest,
You triumph o'er the Sea it self at last.
Next to Great *Monk* the largest Prize accru'd,
Monk, who was born of a recov'ring Blood.
When *Western* Islands were design'd his care,
These the kind Omens of his Fortune were.
Tis thought, when *Neptune* his preferment heard,
He sent this Present to his future Lord.

On the Feaſt of *Cecilia*. 1686.

An ODE.

1.

IO! With triumphant Noiſe,
With Muſick's loudeſt Voice,
This day a ſolemn Feaſt proclame.
A ſolemn Feaſt to Great *Cecilia*'s Name.
No cloudy Thought, no ſullen Tear,
No tumultuous Care or Fear
Approach the limits of this ſacred Day,
Sacred to Muſick and *Cecilia*;
But all be ſweet, ſerene and gay;
Sweet as the Saint to whom theſe Rites we pay;
Sweet as the Notes ſhe did below, or now above
(does play.
Muſick!

2

Muſick! thou only perfect Joy,
Which neither preſent Fears allay,
Nor after pangs deſtroy!
The dear remembrance of the Pleaſure paſt
Shall no Repentance coſt,
Bring with it no Regret,
But be, like it's own *Eccho* ſweet.
Muſick! thou mighty Soul o'th' Univerſe!
Which doſt, like (thine own God) the Sun,
Thro' all thine active pow'r diſperſe,
And all the ſtupid Maſs with life and beauty crown:
Methinks I now behold ſweet *Orpheus* ſit
On *Strymon*'s Bank, and tune his Lyre
To Sounds which life and vig'rous joys inſpire:
Round him the liſt'ning Beaſts their food forget,
Forget to play,
And without motion round the Charmer ſtay.

But nimbler Trees, when they the Muſick hear,
(Muſick which gives them ear)
Leap forth, and wanton round the place;
Trees skip, like Beaſts; Beaſts ſtand unmov'd, like Trees.
Pines, Elms, and Cedars in long rows advance,
An aged Oak leads up the Dance:
Two hundred years it ſtood the Wood's chief pride,
So long *Jove*'s Bolts and ſtrugling Winds defy'd;
Now from it's bed of Earth away it tears,
And round it's ſpreading roots a weighty Mountain bears.

3.

Hark! Hark! th' harmonious accents move,
Thro' the brisk Air th' enliven'd Numbers rove;
About they dance, about they play,
And call the raviſh'd Soul away:
The Soul th' harmonious Summons does obey;
The Soul, which is it ſelf all Harmony.

With

With all it's ſprightly train of Faculties,
Out at the Ear it flies.
Hence 'tis, that oft with height of Extaſie
We faint and die away.
The Soul, in haſt to be at large,
And heedleſs of it's Charge,
Leaves almoſt uninform'd the ſtupid Clay.
Now o'er the trembling ſtrings it bounds,
Now thro' the Air purſues the flitting Sounds;
Then lured back again,
By ſome more gentle ſtrain,
Calm and languiſhing it lies,
Graſping the new-born Accents as they riſe;
Greets all th' harmonious Brethren as they paſs;
Does each ſoft Note embrace:
And fain would here acquainted grow
With that, that only Joy,

Which, of all those we seem to have below,
Shall with it self share Immortality.

4.

To thee, *Cecilia*, Guardian Saint, to thee
This Tribute of our Time and Art we pay.
While thou in lofty Thoughts and sweetest Lays
Exalt'st thy Maker's praise;
We (tho' in humbler Verse, in coarser strain)
Presume to prattle thine.
Musick, dear Saint, is both thy Bliss and Care,
Above thou enjoy'st it, and protect'st it here.
So that 'tis hard to say,
Thou blessest Musick most; or Musick thee.

Chorus.

Then sooner let the rolling Year forget,
Among it's num'rous Train,
To bring this happy Day again,
Than we it's yearly Rites to celebrate:

And

And let each ſweet Intelligence above,
Which to harmonious Sounds does move
His Golden Sphere,
When he beholds this glitt'ring Day
Return, and in the Dance of Time appear,
Strike the Chords full, and make an univerſal Sym-
phony.

On a Lady's Birth-day.

AS when an Envoy from ſome pow'rful King
To needy States does peaceful tidings bring,
The meaneſt Servants, who attend his Train,
Their part of Honour and Reſpect obtain:
So when ſome ſignal Bleſſing from above
Proclaims Man's Happineſs, and Heaven's Love;
The very Hours, which bring the mighty Good,
Their welcome claim, and ſhare our Gratitude:
Hence,

Hence, Madam, 'tis we now prepare to pay
Our grateful Honours to th' enſuing Day.
And ſure thus much to this kind Time is due,
This Time, that all, for which to Heav'n we ſue,
Our Hopes and Wiſhes brought, that brought us
(You.
By one day's Duty thus we cheaply pay
For Bleſſings which we all the Year enjoy.
See! how the eager Moments juſtle forth,
Proud to be ſeen, and conſcious of their worth!
Some witneſs, by ſad Looks and ſullen Frowns,
They ſaw your Mother's pangs and heard her groans:
But ever gazing backward ſeem to ſhew
The hours behind ſhould recompence her Woe.
And lo! the joyful hour at length appears,
Which eas'd your Mother's pangs and Father's fears!
How beautiful, how chearful does it paſs!
As if 't had learn'd from You the Art to pleaſe.

And

And hear me, Courteous Moment, e'er thou go,
Thou haſt my Thanks, receive my Wiſhes too,
May'ſt thou each year (if poſſible) add more
Freſh Charms and Bleſſings to her former ſtore!
And (ſince our Wiſhes can no higher riſe)
Make her, Oh! only make her what ſhe is!
May'ſt thou her Years, and our Joys oft renew!
Thus may'ſt thou oft return, but very ſlow;
For ſuch alas! ſo frail a thing is Man;
Ev'n that kind Moment, which his Life began,
By frequent Viſits takes it back again.

On a Lady's Picture.

BElieve, Poſterity, believe it true,
This from no fancied Form the Pencil drew;
No Angel ſate, with lucid Viſions ſent,
To bleſs the Eyes of ſome departing Saint.

No

No! all the Charms which on this Picture dwell
(And ah what pity 'tis!) are mortal all.
Thus much 'tis fit to let the Picture ſpeak,
Leſt this for ſome bright Being they miſtake
Of Heav'nly Race; and to Mankind be loſt
The greateſt Honour it could ever boaſt.

Friendſhip.

HE who (if any ſuch) ſhall condeſcend
With worthleſs me to ſhare the name of Friend,
May he, ye Pow'rs of Love, Oh! may he be
From fulſome Vice, and ſow'r ill Nature free:
No too warm Paſſion in his Boſom reign,
Nor Pride, nor Envy his good Nature ſtain,
May he want Faults himſelf, and eas'ly pardon mine.

Or

Or rather ſome ſmall Failings let him have,
He'll learn, by being forgiven, to forgive.
Stanch to our mutual Secrets let him be;
One I may truſt, and one who dares truſt me:
Not ſullen, nor impertinently kind,
Whom Choice to me, not Chance or Int'reſt, (joyn'd;
Who roſe from an Acquaintant to a Friend:
Not too unequal in Eſtate or Blood,
Leſt Diſtance ſneaking ſeem, or Freedome rude;
A friend to Thought and Books, and (might I chuſe)
Not wholly unacquainted with a Muſe.
One who (which Heav'n forbid) can ceaſe to be
A Friend, yet not become an Enemy.
From ill Reports, who dares his utmoſt do,
To clear me when they're falſe, t'excuſe me when they're true.
My Praiſe, when juſt, let him be free to ſpeak,
But Flatt'ry let him ſcorn to give, or take.

Who

Who can with me chat a ſpare Hour away,
Yet cenſure not what others do or ſay:
Bold to reprove, when Vertue I offend,
Only to me, not to my Faults, a Friend.
Thus may we long hold Friendſhip, and adore
Only our Honour, and our Conſcience more.

The Impatient.

ENough, enough of this worlds fruitleſs Care,
And ev'n it's Pleaſures I have ſuffer'd here.
I'm weary of Life's groſs Hypocriſie,
With Plenty ſtarv'd, cloy'd with Variety.
O happy, happy State, when I ſhall be
From fancy'd Good, and real Evil free!
When one ſhort well ſpent Sigh ſhall me remove
From all the Cheats miſtaken Mortals love!

When,

When, undeceiv'd by fancy'd ſhadows, I
Shall very Beauty in it's Fountain ſee!
O happy, happy State! Why do I ſtay?
Move faſter, Time, how ſlowly doſt thou fly,
As if the weight of Years had crippled thee?
Thou, Death's Procurer, quickly bring me ſafe
Into the cold Embraces of the Grave;
There ſhall I bleſt, at leaſt ſhall quiet lie,
Till the Angelick Summons from on High
Call me to Bliſs and real Life away.
Then ſhall devouring Flame, with fury hurl'd,
Revenge my quarrel on th' injurious World.
Then thou ſhalt ceaſe, and Death himſelf ſhall die;
And both together loſt and bury'd lie,
He in eternal Life, and thou in vaſt Eternity.

The

The Resolution.

THanks to your scorn, I now at length am free:
Is this what am'rous Fools call Cruelty?
For this would any sigh, for this repine?
I'm sure her Kindness had more cruel been.
No! faithless World, that weight of scorn, which she
Threw on my head, I thus return on thee.
I now thy Follies and thy Malice slight,
And will be happy, even out of spight.
I now no more my Vows and Tears shall lose,
No more in fruitless Sighs my breath abuse;
Sin shall have all my Sighs and Tears; and Vertue (all my Vows.
Henceforth, my Soul, be thou and Heav'n my care,
Ye worthy of my Thoughts and Minutes are,
There is no Scorn, no Disappointment there.

Pardon,

Pardon, dear Heav'n, my hours in Folly ſpent,
The Crime it ſelf was it's own Puniſhment!
But now unpeg'd from Earth I upward move,
To thee, Eſſential Fair, Eternal Love:
The Sphere of Earth's Activity I've paſt,
Here it's Magnetick Influence is loſt.
I come, great Love; my panting Soul does fly,
With all it's Weight ſtill preſſing up to thee.
And now do thou thy needful Succour lend,
From Vice, and from my ſelf, my ſelf defend.
So ſhall I Death and Life it ſelf defie;
That ſmiling, but more dang'rous Enemy:
And my laſt breath in ſullen Sighs I'll vent,
Only for Grief that 'twas no ſooner ſpent.

The Departure.

1.

Diſſuade me not; I cannot ſtay;
Hence with cruel Piety!
If ye from Death would ſet me free,
Quickly, Oh! quickly let me die!
Hark! I am ſummon'd hence; I muſt depart;
The joyful Halleluja's now begun
To him that ſits on the Eternal Throne,
In which I'm call'd to bear a Part.

2.

Oh! what a Scene of Glory opens there!
See! where the Martyrs valiant Hoſts appear!

With

With Crimſon Garlands Crown'd, and white attire;
With Hymns of Joy their Lord they greet,
His and their Sufferings repeat,
And now in Flames of Love almoſt expire.

3.

There ſpotleſs Infants ſit and ſmile,
Whom Guilt or Care did ne'er defile!
See, what bright Rays of Glory they diſpenſe,
Clad in white Robes, and whiter Innocence!
There Angels, Heav'ns bright Miniſters, I ſee
Gaze, and admire the Myſtery.
Aloud their thankful Hymns are heard,
Pleas'd to ſee their younger Brethren to themſelves
(preferr'd.

4.

And is there here a place for me
To ſit awhile, and ſee
(For ſure it were too much t'enjoy)
The glorious Solemnity?

Oh! in this happy place let me but ſerve!
I ſcarce can wiſh for more, and I much leſs deſerve.

CONTENT.

A Paſtoral Dialogue.

Thyrſis. BY your Pipe's leave, good Damon, ſay
(If thou canſt ought but ſing and play)
Why, when all the Swains complain,
Theſe of Drought, and thoſe of Rain;
Some that Ewes unnat'ral prove;
Some pine for Envy, ſome for Love;
Only thou, of all the Swains,
With Songs and Smiles divert'ſt the Plains?
Say, my gentle Shepherd, ſay,
Why art thou ſo blith and gay?

Damon.

Damon. Rather, Shepherd, tell me, why,
If Swains will be Fools, muſt I
Play the Fool for Company?
Swains unwiſely do complain,
Some of Drought, and ſome of Rain;
They may thank themſelves for what's amiſs:
They make their own Unhappineſs.
Some wiſh, and ſee their Flocks increaſe;
They gain Wealth, but loſe their Peace:
Folds enlarg'd enlarge their Care;
Who have much, for much muſt fear:
Others ſee their Flocks decay;
With their Flocks they pine away.
The Shepherd, who would happy be,
Muſt not ſeek Cauſes for his Joy;
Muſt not for Pretences tarry:
But be unreaſonably merry.

Thyr. But, *Damon*, if thy Folds decreaſe;
If Froſt thy falling Lambkins ſeize;
Does not thy Breaſt with Sorrow ſwell?
Dam. No; yet I love my Lambkins well!
Whatſoe'r by *Pan* is ſent,
Still I think a Bleſſing meant:
If he will retrench my ſtore,
He takes but what he gave before.
Life's an Art, and Happineſs
A Knack, which Swains may learn with eaſe.
Thyr. Ah! gentle Shepherd! only ſhow,
How I may bleſt and happy grow.
This Sheep-Crook, which I long have kept,
See! 'tis rich Wood, and finely ſhap'd:
'Twas good *Menalcas*'s Legacy,
When he left the World and me;
(*Damon*, that falling Tear forgive,
Menalcas did deſerve my Grief):

He

He the pretty Sheep-crook gave,
Which oft did my *Lycoris* crave:
Oft ſhe crav'd, but ne'er could gain:
Yet ſhew me this, and it is thine.

Dam. I too can boaſt t'have ſhar'd a part,
When time was, in *Menalcas* Heart.
And, *Thyrſis*, for his ſake I'll ſhow,
How thou may'ſt bleſt and happy grow;
Yet thou ſhalt keep thy Sheep-crook too.
Not that I pretend to be
From Troubles or from Paſſion free;
But ſtill my Thoughts I faſten there,
Where I find leaſt ground for Care.
Heav'n wiſely tempers Humane Life;
Wiſely mingles Joy and Grief.
And I ſtill chuſe to mind the beſt;
Let who will think upon the reſt.

If Froſt my falling Lambs deſtroy,
Yet my Ewes I ſtill enjoy:
But if they ſhould periſh too,
Yet I, Methinks, were bleſt enow.
Still my Pipe and Verſe remain;
The Poem, *Alcon* brag'd, was mine.
Sometimes my other Songs I've ſhew'd,
And Shepherds ſeem to think they're good.
Yes! and they call me Poet too;
But I'm too wiſe to think it true.
Udemia, ſweeteſt, faireſt Maid!
For her theſe two white Kids I feed.
The Gift is hearty, tho' but ſmall;
In Gifts the Giver's Mind is all.
For her I wiſh my Flock's increaſe;
Yet ſhe ſhall never break my Peace.
I'm bleſt enough, if kind ſhe prove;
If not; ſhe do'nt deſerve my Love.

Thyr.

Thyr. Hold a while, good *Damon*, hold!
Yonder Ram has broke the Fold.
'Tis a croſs, unlucky thing:
Go there, *Lightfoot*, fetch him in!
Shepherd, now reſume thy Lays,
And I'll crown thy head with Bays.
Dam. If tuneful Birds ſalute the Spring,
From the Birds I learn to ſing;
If the Heavens laugh a while,
From the Heav'ns I learn to ſmile:
But if Miſts obſcure the Day,
And black Clouds fright the Sun away;
I never dread the angry Sky:
Why ſhould I think it frowns on me?
I to my peaceful Cell retreat:
Yonder ſee the homely Seat!
'Tis what Nature did provide;
(Nature I ever make my Guide)

There

There I ſit, and there I play,
Cheat my Cares and Hours away:
Reflect on honeſt Pleaſures paſt,
Or which I ſhall hereafter taſt:
Think on the Time, when I ſhall be
From Clouds and Storms for ever free;
Plac'd in *Elyſium*; where, they ſay,
Bleſt Ghoſts enjoy Eternal Day,
Eternal Spring; where, all the year,
The Fields their freſheſt Honours wear.
So I heard old *Siphron* ſay;
I heard, and almoſt wiſh'd to die.
In vain the ſullen Heavens ſcowl,
Storms and Tempeſts round me howl;
I make fair Weather in my Soul:
All Occaſions I embrace,
Which may give me Joy and Peace:

And

And drive bad Objects from my Thought;
What can't be cur'd, is best forgot.
Now say, my honest *Thyrsis*, say,
Why should not I be blith and gay?

Thyr. Be ever blith, be ever gay;
Pan reward thy Courtesie:
Blessings on thy Pipe, and thee!
Health to thy Flock, Peace to thy Mind;
And be thy lov'd *Udemia* kind.

To the King.

I

NO Rest, no Leisure to the breathless Muse,
No Respite, Mighty Monarch, you allow:
As if your Conquests might be sung by us
With as much Ease as they are gain'd by you.

But

2.

But where? Ah! where's that ſinewy Son of Wit,
Who can ſufficient Strength for Verſe ſupply?
If each bold Foe freſh Triumphs muſt beget,
And you ſubdue as faſt as they can fly.

3.

If to each vanquiſh'd Realm a Verſe be due,
(And ſure a vanquiſh'd Realm deſerves no leſs)
The Nine muſt yield themſelves o'erpower'd too,
And but by Silence publiſh your Succeſs.

4.

Methinks with Eaſe and Pleaſure we could pay
To your great Name a yearly Tax of Wit;
But ah! who knows what Years to come may be?
Alaſs! there's a whole World unconquer'd yet.

When

5.

When disintangled from Domestick War,
The full Strength of your Arm shall there be shown,
Where our Third *Edward*, and Fifth *Henry*, where
You th'greater Heroe have such wonders done.

6.

Then Monthly, daily Conquests must engage
Our Pens, till all the Fund of Wit be spent;
Till we sit dumb, and like impoverish'd Age,
In vain our past Extravagance repent.

7.

Yet shall the future rob the present? shall
We be unjust for Fear of being poor?
Let's pay this Debt: 'twill be excusable
Ingratitude when we can give no more.

Accept

8.

Accept then, happy Prince, our grateful Praiſe,
For mighty Deeds which you alone could do;
Accept the only Trophies we can raiſe,
For Dangers you alone could undergoe.

9.

Witneſs that dreadful, yet that lucky Day;
When random Deaths unfear'd about you flew,
When one bold Ruffian-ſhot, as through the Sky
It took it's Flight, durſt aim it ſelf at you.

10.

But the wing'd Fate your Guardian Angel ſaw,
And with officious Haſt he put it by;
Yet by a gentle Stroke did th' Danger ſhew,
Leſt the kind Office ſhould unheeded die.

11.

Soon as the diſmal Chance was whiſper'd round,
The Legions trembling ſtood and ſcarce drew Breath!
As if the Army had receiv'd a Wound,
And from your Bruiſe each man had fear'd his Death.

12.

Fate in all other Shapes they could deſpiſe,
(To kill and die their Pleaſure and their Trade)
But now their Souls unuſual Horrors ſeize, dread.
Death, their great Maſter in this form they

13.

But when next Morn you led them forth to fight,
Fearleſs and chearful march'd th' imbatteld hoſt;
Reſolv'd that ſlaughter'd Enemies e're Night,
Should pay large Int'reſt for the Blood you loſt.
But

14.

But what bold Muſe ſhall ſing that glorious Day,
When led by Fame through *Boyn*'s Rebellious (Flood;
Tho' Foes and Nature did obſtruct your Way,
Ev'n Foes and Nature you at once ſubdu'd?

15.

There em'lous Nations from your Royal Breath,
Dreading Repulſe, did Wounds and Dangers (crave;
From you each begg'd the foremoſt place in Death,
And almoſt envy'd Foes the Wounds they (gave.

16.

In vain they beg'd; you choſe your ſelf; and led
Th' impotent Troops where thickeſt Danger (lay;
The doubtful Enemy half fought, half fled,
Aſham'd to live, and yet afraid to die.

O!

17.

O! what a Scene of Blood did then appear!
Death too that day a mighty Conqueſt gain'd;
Thick Widow'd Souls fled trembling throughthe air,
As if they fear'd another Death behind.

18.

Malicious Spirits throng'd the upper Air,
Their Noſtrils with fat Steams of Blood to feaſt;
The King of Terrors reign'd unqueſtion'd there,
Mere Careaſſes his ſettled Pow'r confeſt.

19

But here did Fate its work unfiniſh'd ſhew,
Imperfect Life lay ſtrugling thro' the Wound;
The grumbling Soul curſt the too gentle Foe,
Th' half Body ſpurn'd and champ'd the purple ground.

20.

Let others ſing how you with angry Haſt
Purſu'd your Conqueſt o'er the bloody Plain;
Purſu'd, as long as Rage and Day did laſt,
As long as Foes were found who dar'd be ſlain.

21.

Stay thou my Muſe, and drop a pious Tear;
Where by bold hands the aged Gen'ral lies,
There let freſh Garlands flouriſh all the year,
And o'er his Urn Eternal Laurels riſe.

22.

The aged Gen'ral, who, nurſt up in War,
Grown old in Fights, yet none ſucceſsleſs knew;
And now his Fall undecent would appear,
But in the Field, and when victorious too.

And

23.

And now proceed! the Conqu'ring King attend:
But lo! he's gone; like Lightning, cuts his way;
See! Fame her ſelf lies panting far behind,
And only Conqueſt bears him Company.

24.

Whither Great Prince, ah! whither will you preſs?
Stake not that Life againſt a worthleſs Foe,
For which all Kingdoms were too mean a Price;
England has all ſhe asks while ſhe has you.

25.

Yet you for us uncertain Chances prove,
To Fame through Toil and Danger force your way;
Tho' here ſoft Eaſe, and a fond Peoples Love,
And a yet fonder Princeſs court your ſtay.

26.

A Princeſs, worthy Partner of your Throne,
No ornamental Burthen, uſeleſs Pride;
A Princeſs You, ev'n warlike You, may own,
Who can your Cares, as well as Joys, divide.

27.

You here in ſoft ignoble Eaſe might ſit,
And dictate Battles from a lazy Throne;
You by vicarious Courage might grow great,
And crown your Front with Laurels not your own.

28.

But Greatneſs you thro' arduous Paths purſue,
You ſhare in Danger, as in Fame, require;
And ſcarce your Health its needful Care allow;
Your Peoples Eaſe is all that you deſire.

29.

So the kind Sun with never ceasing Toil,
Large Journeys takes its Blessings to dispense:
But the dull Earth sits idle all the while,
And undisturb'd enjoys it's Influence.

ETERNITY.

A Pindarique ODE.

1.

COme, Goddess, come, said I,
Thou who to thy Golden Lyre
Sing'st mighty Men and mighty Things;
Come, and with uncommon Strains
Inspire my ravish'd Soul.
Teach me new flights of Thought and Verse,
Verse wond'rous sweet, Thoughts wond'rous high.

Which may deserve my Theme.
Come, and unfetter'd from the Clog of Rhime
Bear me aloft;
If I perhaps, from any height,
May a full Prospect have
Of the wide Circuit of Eternity.
The Muse obedient came, and I
Soon bid Adieu to things below,
And mounted on the Poets Mystic Horse;
(Well meaning Fable, fancy's Emblem true,)
Tour'd circling upward, till,
Thro' that blew Curtain, which
Keeps things Celestial hid from Mortal Sight,
I came at length,
Above the starry Fornix of the Sky;
Into th' *Ideal* World, where Angels breath
Æther refin'd;
Where they mysterious Truths
Discov

Discover at one Glance intuitive;
Where things unmade and made in their first Pat-
(terns lie,

2.

I stood, and fix'd my Eye intent
Upon Eternity:
And fain would learn what that great Name con-
(tain'd;
What Nature, and if any Bounds it had;
Whether it were an endless Round of Years,
Where Suns in vain their annual Courses run;
Still the same Point returns,
And Labours finish'd only bring them back
Fresh Labours to begin:
Or whether one fix'd undivided Point,
In which past, present, and to come,
Daughters of variation have no place:
If it were Twin to the Almighty Pow'r;
Or only He himself.

I gaz'd, but ah! the Object was too bright,
And mortal Sight too weak.
Sometimes, methought, I ſaw it plain,
And 'twas a glorious Sight:
But ſoon in broken Miſts away it danc'd,
And left miſhapen Figures in mine Eye.
Yet not deſpairing, a brisk Thought I choſe,
Long wing'd and made for haſty Flight;
Which I had oft ſucceſsfully employ'd
To ſearch the Regions Intellectual.
Her I ſent off, to ſee,
If any where flat Shore, or butting Cape
Appear'd to terminate the wild Abyſs:
Or if perhaps at diſtance ſhe might hear
The breaking Billows rutt upon the Beach.
But after wandring long,
And many fruitleſs Gyres,
Back to her Ark ſhe panting came;

And

And by ſhort Breath and drooping Wings
Confeſt no Land was to be found,
No where to reſt her weary Foot;
But all was one vaſt Globe and Ocean.

3.

For thee, great Name, what will not Mortals dare?
For thee alike the Good and Impious ſtrive,
Certain to raiſe to raiſe a durable,
Regardleſs whether good or evil, Fame:
For thee *Eroſtratus*, bold Villain, dar'd
Deſtroy th' *Epheſian* Temple with it's Goddeſs,
Vain Idol (but not ſuch to him)
Tho' her fond Vot'ries feign
She abſent was that Night,
Attending at the Birth
Of the great *Macedonian* Conquerour.

Beneath

Beneath the lofty Roof he ſtood,
And upward caſt an Envious Look;
And, ſhall theſe VValls, ſaid he,
Remain the VVonder of all Nations,
And endleſs Ages yet to come,
VVhen I ſhall lie forgotten in the Grave?
Nay; but I'll try by this great Action, which
Perhaps fond Men will not call Good,
To make my ſelf Immortal, as the Goddeſs.
Perhaps all future Times will curſe my Name;
Let them; they muſt remember what they curſe.
He ſaid: And in the kindled Ball he threw,
VVhich ſoon thro' all the Houſe
It's ſulphurous Infection ſpread.
Up roſe the Flames
Crackling, and in their pitchy Arms
To Cinders cruſh'd the VVonder of the World,
And Pride of *Epheſus*.

So

So daring, so extravagant a Crime
Could the thirſt of Eternity perſuade!

4.

But how much better they,
VVho climbing to the ſame Eternity,
Yet trod the paths of Vertue and of Honour!
Heroes who bravely died,
Their Countries Fall preventing by their own!
This was the Purchaſe of their Sufferings;
Ev'n dying ſtill they hop'd,
The loſs of ſome few wretched Years
Should be repaid with everlaſting Fame:
This from all Nations drew
Young daring Champions to th' *Olympian* Plains:
For this the VVreſtler ſtrove:
This was the Racer's Goal.

Not

Not flow'ry Garlands, and one years Applauſe
They ſought; but to be Regiſter'd
In the Records of Fame, and to be known for ever.
This they all ſought; but ah! how few obtain'd!
Hiero, *Theron*, and ſome happy few
Has *Pindar* ſav'd
From the Iron Teeth of Time;
And left their Names richly embalm'd
In Spicy Verſe,
To be the Envy of ſucceeding Heroes.
And they ſhall live; but all the reſt
Long ſince unremember'd lie,
Loſt in the Grave and mix'd with nameleſs things.

5.

Not ſo Thee, *William*, beſt of *Britiſh* Kings,
The ſole Defence of Neighb'ring States,

And

And Glory of your own,
Ever ſhall ungrateful Years
Reſign to Night and dark Oblivion:
But, after long Deſcents have handed down
The Lamp of Life to late Poſterity,
Your Name and Praiſe ſhall ſtill remain;
Still ſhall Aged Fathers ſit,
And to their liſt'ning Children tell,
How ſweet you were in Peace, how rough in War:
How fierce you led your Squadrons forth:
With what an Artful Grace
You broke the foaming Steed, but he
Bounds prancing forward, and diſdains the Ground
How bright your dawn of Youth:
How ſtrong your Manhood ſhone:
The honourable Wound you gain'd
At *Boyn*'s rebellious Stream:
What Conqueſts there you won:

(Con-

(Conqueſts, which I attempted in bold Verſe,
Pleas'd with my Theme,
Tho' much inferiour to ſo great a Task.)
VVhat angry Counſels now you meditate
On the *Batavian* Plains;
Reſolv'd to reſcue Captive *Rhine*,
VVhere he runs ſobbing on,
By ruin'd Cities, heretofore it's Glory,
Now Grief; and Deſolations wide;
Laudable Effects of *Gallick* Cruelty.

6.

Yet think not, Mighty Prince!
Think not Eternity the Warriour's Meed;
Think not that Fame can give
That Immortality which you deſerve.

The World it ſelf is Mortal, and muſt die;
Materials for it's Fun'ral Pile
Already are prepar'd;
VVithin the ſooty Bowels of the Earth.
Then Time ſhall ceaſe, and thou, my Soul,
Shalt then a Portion have
In that which now thou canſt not comprehend.
Then, if innoffenſive Life,
If Faith and Piety have been thy Care:
Mixt with Angelick Poets, thou
Shalt Endleſs Hallelujah's ſing
To the Eternal Potentate,
And who alone hath Immortality.

The End.

The

The First BOOK OF *VIRGIL's ÆNEIS* TRANSLATED.

I Sing of Wars, and that great Exile's Fame,
Who first from *Troy* to destin'd *Latium* came:
Long exercis'd with storms at Land and Sea,
By stress of Fate and *Juno*'s Cruelty:
Much too by Chance of doubtful War distress'd,
Ere he or his tir'd Gods could fix their rest.
Hence sprung the Glory of the *Latin* Name,
Hence *Alba*'s State and *Rome*'s proud Turrets (came.

But thou, my Muſe, unfold the ſecret Cauſe,
Whence *Juno*'s ſo undecent Anger roſe:
Why ſhe in ſuch Variety of Ills,
Laborious Dangers, and uncertain Toils,
Engag'd an Heroe fam'd for Piety.
And can the Pow'rs of Heav'n malicious be?
Facing th' *Italian* Shore, and *Tyber*'s Flood,
An antient Colony of *Tyrians* ſtood,
Expert in Arts of War, mighty in Wealth,
Carthage its Name.——
This of all Lands was *Juno*'s darling Seat,
Not her own *Samos* more belov'd than it:
Here all the Symbols of her Deity,
Her Chariot, Launce, all her *Regalia* lay:
This ſhe (ſhould Fate prove to her Purpoſe kind)
Ev'n then for Empreſs of the World deſign'd.
But ſhe had hear'd of ſome, who, ſprung from *Troy*,
Should her Deſign and *Carthage* Walls deſtroy:

A People hence in Strength and Empire great
Should *Libya* waſt: ſuch was the will of Fate.
This Fear perplex'd the anxious *Juno*'s Thought;
Nor was the Quarrel of her *Greeks* forgot;
Nor were th'Orig'nal Cauſes of her Hate,
Her firſt Indignities forgiven yet:
Deep at her Heart young *Paris*'s raſh Decree,
And the Affront of her ſcorn'd Beauty, lay.
Too well ſhe knew whence ſprung the *Trojan* Race,
And *Ganymed*'s hated Honours, her Diſgrace.
Fir'd with theſe Thoughts, the broken force of *Troy*
(Slender Remains of *Grecian* Cruelty)
She far from *Latium* kept, long wandring o'er the (Sea.
O'er all the Main, long were they driv'n by Fate:
So much it coſt to raiſe the *Roman* State.
Scarce out of Sight of fruitful *Sicily*
Their Sails they ſpread, and plow'd the frothy Sea;
When *Juno* ———

Eternal Malice glowing in her Breaſt,
Thus with her ſelf: And muſt I yield at laſt?
And muſt the *Trojan* King in ſpite of me
In *Latium* reign? Forſooth, 'tis Fate's Decree.
Could *Pallas* then for *Ajax* Sin alone
The *Grecian* Navy burn, the *Grecians* drown?
She from the Clouds *Jove*'s rapid Thunder caſt,
With Fire the Fleet, the Sea with Winds oppreſt;
And the poor Criminal, with Thunder ſtruck,
Snatch'd thro' a Storm, and ſtak'd him on a Rock.
But I, the Siſter and the Wife of *Jove*,
The Queen of Gods, thus long in vain have ſtrove
With this one Race: and who henceforth will ſue
To *Juno*'s Name? who at her Altars bow?
Thus fir'd, and certain of Revenge, with ſpeed
The ſullen Goddeſs to *Æolia* fled,
The Land where Tempeſts dwell, where Whirl-(winds breed.

Here

Here mighty *Æolus* the ſtruggling Winds
And noiſie Tempeſts in ſtrong Caverns binds:
They in hoarſe Murmurs round the Mountains howl;
But their great King from his high Throne does rule
Their mad Deſires, and all their Rage controul.
Were't not for him, ſoon from the Roots they'd tear
Heav'n, Earth, and Seas; and ſweep them thro the Air.
But the Almighty Father, fearing this,
To gloomy Caves confin'd the boiſtrous Race:
And with ſtrong Rocks and pond'rous Mountains barr'd
The Avenues; and plac'd a Sov'raign Lord,
VVho ſhould by ſtanding Laws know to aſſwage,
Or, when commanded, to allow their Rage.

And thus to him did *Juno* humbly pray:
Great *Æolus*, Controuler of the Sea,
Whom, next to *Jove*, the Winds and Waves obey,

A Race I hate o'er *Tuscan* VVaters steer,
And their once vanquish'd Gods to *Latium* bear,
Purpos'd to raise another *Ilium* there.
Send forth thy VVinds; sink that rebellious Train;
Or scatter'd let them never meet again:
Twice sev'n bright Nymphs now in my Palace shine,
Of whom, if thou comply with my Design,
The fairest *Deiopeia* shall be thine:
That in thy Arms she may long Ages lead,
And with a beauteous Off-spring crown thy Bed.
To her the King of VVinds made this Reply:
Immortal Queen, you can't more ready be
To speak your VVill, than I am to Obey.
This my Dominion is your Gift, to you
I this my Scepter and *Joves* Favour owe.
You first preferr'd me to the heav'nly Board,
And of these Storms and Tempests made me Lord.

Thus

Thus having ſaid, with an impetuous Stroke
Of his inverted Spear he ſtoop'd the Rock:
Thro' the wide Breach the Winds their ſally make,
And Land and Sea with diſmal Tempeſts ſhake:
Eaſt, *South*, and rainy *Weſt* together roar,
And roll vaſt Billows to th' affrighted Shore.
Then cracking Cables, and hoarſe Seamens Cries
Mix woful Sounds, Deſpair is in the Noiſe.
The ſcowling Heav'ns in dusky Clouds are hid,
Thick Fogs the ſight of Day and Heav'n forbid;
Darkneſs and Winds which on the Waters lay,
Increaſe the native Terror of the Sea.
Strong Thunder rocks the Poles, and thro' the Air
Brisk Lightning plays, and Death is ev'ry where.

Æneas trembles at this ſtrange Surprize,
And lifting both his Hands to th' unſeen Skies,

He thus complains: Oh! more than happy they,
Who, underneath the lofty Walls of *Troy*,
In their Friends Sight had the good Luck to die.
O Valiant *Diomed*, thy Nations pride!
Oh! that at *Troy* I by thy Hands had dy'd!
Why then was Death to hapleſs me deny'd?
VVhere *Hector* by *Achilles* fell, where brave
Sarpedon found an honourable Grave;
VVhere bloody *Simois* down to the Main
Swept Arms and Carcaſſes of Heroes ſlain.
Thus ſpeaking, from the *North* an adverſe Guſt
Struck thwart his Sails, and Waves to Heav'n toſt:
The Oars all broke, the ſhatter'd Bark gives way,
And drives at Mercy of the foaming Sea.
Some hang ſupported on a ſwelling Wave,
To ſome the gaping Waters ſhew their Grave;
Three Ships driv'n by the *South* on blind Rocks fall;
(Rocks Half Sea o'er which Latines *Aræ* call)

Three

Three, by an *Eaſtern* blaſt (Oh diſmal Sight!)
Forc'd to the Shore, on ſhelves and quickſands light:
One, which the *Lycians* and *Orontes* bore
Before his Eyes, a mighty Sea breaks o'er
Her Poop, the waves from Helm the Maſter ſweep
Headlong o'er Board, and thrice the reeling Ship
Whirls circling round, then ſinks into the Deep:
Thin, floating on the ſurface of the Sea
Arms, Men, and Planks, and *Trojan* Treaſures lay.
And now the Ships, which other Leaders bore,
Reſiſt the Fury of the Waves no more:
Their gaping Planks to Ruine open ſtood,
And treach'rous Leaks invite th' invading Flood.
Now *Neptune* heard the lab'ring Waves complain,
And felt the ſtrong Convulſions of the Main:
Miſgiving whence ſuch Tumults ſhould proceed,
Above the Deep he rais'd his welcome Head.

Op-

Oppreſt he ſees the *Trojan* Navy lie
VVith Storms, and all the ruine of the Sky:
His Siſters Fraud and Malice ſoon he ſpy'd,
And ſummoning the Winds thus check'd their pride:
VVhence your Preſumption? from your noble (Race?
Baſe Fog-born Slaves! to vex Heav'n, Earth, and (Seas,
And thus unbid diſturb my Kingdom's Peace?
I'll—But the troubled Waters call me hence;
Expect worſe Uſage for your next Offence.
Go, get you hence, and tell your King, from me,
'Twas not his Lot, but mine to rule the Sea:
Let him to Rocks and Caves his Pow'r confine,
There let him ſtrut, and in your Priſons reign.
Scarce had he ſpoke; all calm the Waters lay,
The Clouds blow off, the Sun renews the Day;
Kind Nymphs and *Tritons* their Aſſiſtance give,
From pointed Rocks the ſound'ring Barks relieve.

Nor

Nor does the God his needful Aid deny,
Thro' unlock'd Sands he ſets their Veſſels free;
Calms all, and gently ſports it o'er the quiet Sea.
As in large Towns, when Pop'lar rage runs high,
And all the Mob are up they know not why;
VVhen Club, and Fire the neighb'ring ſtreets alarms,
And haſty Wrath turns ev'ry thing to Arms:
If then perchance a Patriot they ſpy,
Rever'd for Worth, and Deeds of Piety;
Straight all is huſht, with prick'd up Ears they ſtand,
Yield to fair Words, and all in Peace disband.
So when great *Neptune* o'er the VVaters rode,
The Waves their Rage forgot, and own'd their God.

The weary *Trojans* ſtraight look out for Land,
And for the neareſt Shore of *Affrick* ſtand:
Behind an Iſland lies a quiet Bay,
Whoſe ſides proteſt it from the VVind and Sea:

On

On either side of which vast Mountains rise,
And threaten with their Tops the neighb'ring Skies.
Low at the foot of these the silent Floods
Sleep undisturb'd; their Heads are crown'd with Woods:
And in their side a Grott, some *Naiad*'s Throne,
In it fresh Springs, and seats of Native Stone.
Here weary Vessels ride secure from Fear,
Nor ask the Cable's, nor the Anchor's Care:
Hither *Æneas*, when the Storm expir'd,
With only sev'n of all his Fleet retir'd:
The *Trojan* Youth impatient leap to Land,
And rest their wearied Bodies on the Strand.
Here first *Achates*, with a mutual Stroke
Of Flints, the sleeping Seeds of Fire awoke;
And with dry Leafs, and tender Fuel nurst
The Infant Spark, till to a Flame it burst.
Their moist Provisions next to Land they bear,
And various Arts of Cookery prepare.

Mean

Mean while *Æneas* climb'd the Mountain's Head,
And the wide ſurface of the Deep ſurvey'd;
If thence perhaps his wiſhing Eye might meet
Some wandring Remnant of his ſcatter'd Fleet:
No Sail in view; but on the Strand appear'd
Three Royal Stags, Chiefs of a num'rous Herd,
VVhich after their proud Leaders brouzing ſtray'd;
And ſpreading Droves along the Valley fed.
Here ſtepping back, with eager Hands he caught
His Bow and Shafts, which good *Achates* brought.
And firſt the Leaders, whoſe high Foreheads bore
Large Groves of Horn, fell bleeding on the Shore:
Then th' vulgar Herd, as thro' the Woods they fled,
By random Arrows undiſtinguiſh'd dy'd.
Still he purſu'd the eaſie Victory,
Till by his prudent Hand there ſlaughter'd lay;
Sev'n mighty Beaſts, to ev'ry Crew a Prey.

Hence

Hence to the Port his welcome Game he bore,
And pierc'd rich Wines, which on *Sicilia*'s Shore
Aceſtes, when he took his mournful Leave,
As his laſt Preſent to the Heroe gave.
The Dainties to his hungry Mates he ſhar'd,
And with theſe words their drooping ſpirits chear'd:
Ye dear Companions of my harſher days,
Expert in Suff'rings, practis'd in Diſtreſs,
Ye oft have weather'd greater ſtorms than theſe;
Ye've ſeen the end of many a threat'ning Woe,
And theſe e're long ſhall have their Period too.
The Rocks of *Scylla*, and the *Cyclop*'s Caves,
Dens of fierce Monſters theſe, thoſe of fierce Waves,
Ye've paſt, that noble Spirit now reſume,
By which your former Ills were overcome.
Perhaps ere long of theſe no more ſhall laſt,
Than ſweet Remembrances of Dangers paſt.

These Toils and Hazards all to *Latium* lead,
There have the Fates our final Rest decreed;
And there shall *Troy* resume it's antient State:
Wisely reserve your selves for better Fate.
Thus did his words and looks false Passions shew,
Dissembled Hope sate smiling on his Brow,
But at his Heart Despair and secret Woe.

They to their Feast apply their only Care,
Some nimbly chase, and some break up the Deer;
Some spit th' yet panting Members; others raise
The weighty Cauldrons: some the Fire increase.
Then on the grassy Plain stretch'd at full length,
Fat Ven'son and old Wine repair their lessen'd (strength.
Their Hunger eas'd, their Tables mov'd away,
Absent Companions their next Care employ:

Unknow

Unknowing which to truſt, their Hope or Fear;
Uncertain, if they yet breath upper Air,
Or dead refuſe the Cries of mourning Friends to hear.
Chiefly *Æneas* does their Loſs bewail,
Weeps o'er the Story of *Orontes* Fall;
And *Lycus* ſad Miſchance with Sighs repeats;
And *Gyas* and *Cleanthus* harder Fates.

VVhen *Jove*, as on Heav'ns Battlements he ſtood,
Th' inferiour World at one large Proſpect view'd:
But with peculiar Care he fix'd his Eye
On *Libyan* Realms; while Schemes of Deſtiny
And providential Plots employ'd his Head:
Fair *Venus*, now by ſorrow fairer made,
Thus to the God complain'd, and weeping ſaid:
O thou, whoſe irreſiſtible Decree
Aw'd by thy Thunder, Heav'n and Earth obey;
VVhat Crime ſo great could my *Æneas* do?
What mighty Guilt does *Troy*'s laſt Hopes purſue?
VVhy

VVhy, after num'rous Deaths and long Diſtreſs,
Are they thus puniſh'd for Unhappineſs?
VVhy, 'cauſe their promis'd *Latium* is deny'd,
Muſt they be barr'd from all the World beſide?
For ſure you promis'd, that *Rome*'s pow'rful State
(When Time had ripen'd the Deſigns of Fate)
Should from my *Trojans* ſpring; from them ſhould riſe
Warriours renown'd, whoſe ſpreading Victories
Should graſp the fartheſt Lands and wideſt Main.
What, Father, what has alter'd your deſign?
'Twas with this hope, that future good ſhould pay
For preſent Ill, I eas'd the Fall of *Troy*.
In vain! alas. The ſame hard Fates attend
Troys Relicks ſtill. Ah! Soveraign Pow'r, what End,
What Reſpite, ſhall their growing Labours find?

Secure th' *Illyrian* Gulf *Antenor* paſt,
He deep into *Liburnian* Kingdoms preſt;
And fierce *Timavus* to his Fountains trac'd;
VVhere roaring from nine Heads he ſweeps his way
O'er delug'd Fields, himſelf almoſt a Sea:
Yet now the fair *Patavia*'s Walls he rears,
The Place his Name and quiet Standards bears;
And he his peaceful Realms enjoys, nor future labour fears.
VVe, who deriv'd from *Jove* our Godhead boaſt,
Enjoy the Priviledge of being croſt;
Of having Navies, having Kingdoms loſt.
To caſe her Spight.—is this the huge Reward
Of Piety? thus are our Crowns reſtor'd?

With that calm Brow which ſurly Storms allays,
And looks the troubled Heav'ns into Peace,
The ſmiling God thus eas'd his Daughters Care:
Ceaſe, *Cytherea*, ceaſe your cauſeleſs Fear;

Un-

Unmov'd remains your *Trojans* better Fate;
Lavinium's promis'd Walls and riſing State
You ſoon ſhall ſee, and brave *Æneas* rang'd
With equal Gods, nor is my Purpoſe chang'd.
Yet, ſince ſo anxious, ſo importunate
Your Fears, attend, while I the Will of Fate
Abſtruſe, and dark Futurities relate.
A long and bloody, but ſucceſsful, War
Waits his Arrival on th' *Italian* Shore.
Till Victories his fatal Title ſhow,
And barb'rous Nations to his Scepter bow;
Barb'rous, till he within juſt Bounds reſtrain
The ſavage Race, and break them into Men;
Giving them Walls and Laws; and awful grown,
Himſelf three years ſhall fill his ſetled Throne.
But young *Aſcanius*, call'd *Iulus* now,
(*Ilus* his Name, till ruin'd *Ilium* grew
A ſad Remembrance, and a Name of Woe)

Aſcanius ſhall the fatal Scepter hold,
Till thirty years have round their Axles roll'd:
But from *Lavinium* t' *Alba* ſhall transfer
His Court, and fix the ſeat of Empire there;
There Monarchs ſprung from *Troys* immortal Line,
Shall full three hundred years unqueſtion'd reign.
Till Royal *Ilia* to the God of War
Shall at one happy Birth twin Heroes bear.
Thence *Romulus*, proud of that Skin which clad
His Foſter-wolf, ſhall to the Throne ſucceed:
He ſhall new Walls and a large City rear,
They *Romans* call'd their founder's Name ſhall bear.
To them eternal Empire I allow,
Nor Bounds, nor End ſhall their Dominion know.
Juno her ſelf, who now with cauſeleſs Rage
Does in her Quarrel Heav'n and Earth engage,
Shall then to better Reſolutions come,
And joyn'd with me promote the Cauſe of *Rome*.

So

So 'tis Reſolv'd: ———

And Years to come ſhall ſee the Sons of *Troy*
O'er *Argian* Realms their conqu'ring Arms diſ-
(play,
And to the *Greeks* their old Indignities repay:
Hence *Cæſar* ſprung ſhall raiſe the *Trojan* Name,
The Sea ſhall bound his Empire, Heav'n his Fame.
Him from *Iulus*, both in Name and Blood
Deſcended, after th' *Eaſtern* Realms ſubdu'd,
Glutted with Spoils, ſecure thou ſhalt receive;
To him Divinity and Heav'n I give;
With Deity his Earthly Honours crown,
And frequent Vot'ries ſhall his Godhead own.
Then thro' the World ſhall Wars and Diſcord ceaſe,
And milder Times ſhall learn the Arts of Peace;
Then Rev'rend Truth and Piety ſhall reign,
Nor Brother be by jealous Brother ſlain;

Then pious Hands shall close the Gates of War;
VVithin imprison'd Rage shall sit and roar,
Bound down with brazen Cords, he there in vain
Shall foam black Blood, and champ upon his Chain.

He said, and down from Heav'n's unmeasur'd height,
He bids the Son of *Maja* take his Flight;
Down to the Court of *Carthage*, to prepare
The wand'ring *Trojans* kind Reception there:
Lest *Dido* ignorant of Heav'ns Decree,
The freedom of her Infant State deny.
He thro' the vast Expanse shot quickly down,
Till *Libya* stop'd his Flight: his Message done
As *Jove* had will'd: the *Tyrians* soon forget
Their native Roughness and inclement Heat:
But softest Passions *Dido*'s tender Breast
And Fondness unaccountable possest.

But

But good *Æneas*, all the ſleepleſs Night
Revolving various Cares, with the firſt Light
Reſolv'd to riſe, and ſearch what unknown Coaſts,
VVhat Land he ow'd the Winds; if Men or Beaſts
(For all around he ſees untill'd and bare)
The Tenants of thoſe Deſart Regions were.
Beneath an hanging Rock, whoſe thickeſt Woods
Drop'd a brown Darkneſs on the ſilent Floods,
His Fleet he ſhelter'd, and his Fortune try'd,
Two Jav'lins in his Hand, *Achates* by his ſide.
As thro' the Woods they paſs, he near him ſees
His Goddeſs mother ſhining thro' the Trees;
Like ſome brisk *Spartan* Maid in Garb and Face;
Or fierce *Harpalyce* on the Hills of *Thrace*:
When ſhe upbraids in flight th' unequal Speed
Of Courſers ſwift, and *Hebers* rapid Tide:
Fix'd croſs her Shoulders hung a decent Bow,
Her Robes cloſe girt, but looſe her Treſſes flow,

The ſport of Winds. Hoa! gentle Youths, ſaid ſhe,
Saw ye my Siſter Huntreſſes this way?
With *Lynxes* Skins and Quivers by their ſide,
Eager in Chaſe? When thus her Son reply'd:
No Nymph, but you, has bleſs'd mine Ear or Eye;
None, but you, fair unknown! — What ſhall I ſay?
Fair unknown Goddeſs! for alaſs in vain
Diſguis'd a falſe Mortality you feign;
You're all Divine, that charming Voice and Eye
In ſpight of you confeſs your Deity:
Diana or ſome Nymph! what e're you are,
Only be kind and eaſe a Stranger's Care;
By ſtormy Winds on this ſtrange Country thrown,
The Place and People equally unknown:
What Clime? what Land? inſtruct us, Heav'nly Maid,
Our grateful Vows ſhall own the pious Deed;
And thouſand Victims on your Altars bleed.

Alaſs!

Alaſs! ſaid ſhe, in vain you thus abuſe
Great Names and Titles which I muſt refuſe;
This Quiver and theſe Buskins, which I wear,
Speak me a *Tyrian* Virgin and no more:
It is our Country Garb; our Country this;
Here *Tyrian* Exiles a new Empire raiſe.
But all around it *Libyan* Kingdoms are,
Stern Nations and unfoilable in War.
Dido a *Tyrian* Princeſs ſways the State,
Forc'd from her Native Home by unjuſt Hate,
A cruel Brother's unjuſt Hate; too long
And intricate the ſtory of her Wrong.
But thus in ſhort: *Sychæus* was her Lord,
By her with great but hapleſs Love ador'd;
Him did her Sire with her firſt Nuptials bleſs,
Great was his Wealth, nor was her Paſſion leſs:
But her baſe Brother rul'd the *Tyrian* State,
Pygmalion in Guilt, as Empire, great;

Of

Of all, whom Hell with blackeſt Villanies
Inſpir'd, ſupreme, and eminent in Vice.
He, blind with Paſſion and the Thirſt of Oar,
Fearleſs *Sychæus* in a ſecret hour
Kneeling before the Altars of his God
Surpriz'd, and ſtain'd the ſacred Floor with Blood:
Nor could the Altars, nor could Nature move
His Pity, nor his wretched Siſters Love.
Long he with artful Lies conceal'd the Deed,
And with vain Hopes th' impatient Lover fed:
Till, in a Dream before her ſlumb'ring Eyes,
She ſaw her murder'd Husband's Image riſe
All ghaſtly pale; he ſhew'd his wounded Breaſt,
And the black Deed, and the black Scene confeſt.
Then he perſuades her inſtantly to fly
The guilty Shore; and to aſſiſt her way,
Shews where a Neſt of hidden Treaſures lay.

Con-

Convinc'd of all the Viſion had declar'd,
She Means and Partners of her Flight prepar'd.
All Male-contents in her Deſign engage,
All who had felt or fear'd the Tyrants Rage;
Some Ships, which ready in the Harbour lay,
They ſeize, and thither all their Wealth convey:
Away the Waves *Pygmalion*'s Treaſure bring;
A Woman diſappoints the greedy King.
Hither where now new Walls and Towr's you'll ſee,
Hither they came, here as much Land they buy,
As they could compaſs with an Oxe's Hide,
And call'd it *Byrſa* from the crafty Deed.
If this Relation has oblig'd your Ear,
Requite it by declaring who you are,
And from what Land you come, and for what
(Land you ſteer.

Æneas then ſigh'd out this ſad Reply
To what ſhe ask'd; Divineſt Pow'r, ſhould I
Begin

Begin the Story of our Woes, and you
VVould have the patience to hear it thro';
The Sun would not: the Day it ſelf would fail,
And half unfiniſh'd leave the mournful Tale.
VVe from old *Troy*'s unhappy Ruines came,
(If your Ears are not Strangers to that Name)
But now thro' all the ſpreading Ocean toſt,
A Tempeſt threw us on the *Libyan* Coaſt:
And I the good *Æneas* am, a Name
Perhaps not utterly unknown to Fame:
'Twas I who reſcu'd from th' inſulting Foe
My Houſhold Goods, now Part'ners of my Woe;
I, for the Shore of *Italy* deſign,
And *Jove* I boaſt the Author of my Line:
VVith twice ten Sail I ſtem'd the *Phrygian* Tide,
Fate and my Goddeſs-mother were my Guide;

Now

Now all but ſev'n by Storms are loſt, and I
Helpleſs, unknown, thro' *Libyan* Deſarts ſtray,
By Wars from *Aſia* torn, from *Europe* by the Sea.

Venus, who could his Plaint no longer hear,
Thus interrupts his Grief: Who e're you are,
I dare believe the Gods, whoſe Providence
Directed you to *Carthage*, are your Friends:
Thither proceed, and to aſſwage your Care,
Prepare to meet your loſt Companions there;
There (if there's any Faith in Augury)
Your Friends and Veſſels both in Safety lie.
See thoſe twelve Swans! how careleſs now they rove
Thro' open Air! whom erſt the Bird of *Jove*.
Stooping from his Ethereal Perch on high,
Purſu'd, and drove them trembling thro' the Sky:
But now ſecure and proud of their Eſcape,
Some pitching eaſe their Wings; ſome idly ſweep

The

The Earth; then mount, and wanton thro' the Sky
On whiſtling Wings, and loudly ſing their Joy.
Thus all your Veſſels and the *Trojan* Youth
Or bear full Sail into the Harbours mouth;
Or ſafe at Anchor ride: Do you proceed,
And let the way before you be your Guide.

At that ſhe turn'd, and round her, as ſhe goes,
Strange Charms and unexpected Beauties roſe;
Ambroſial Odours ſtreaming from her Hair
Divinely ſweet enrich'd the ambient Air.
Down fell her Robes into a graceful Train,
And her Majeſtick Walk own'd her Divine.
He, when he thus his Mother's Form deſcry'd,
With theſe Complaints purſu'd her as ſhe fled:
And are you too, and are you cruel grown?
Why all theſe falſe Deluſions to your Son?
Why none but Shapes aſſum'd, and Speeches not (your own?

H:

He ſaid: but as they to the Town proceed,
Round them a miſty Veil the Goddeſs ſpread,
Of Air condens'd and thickeſt Vapors made:
That they might paſs ſecure, by mortal Eye
Unſeen, and unmoleſted in their way.
Back flies the ſmiling Goddeſs thro' the Sky
To *Paphian* Courts, where, to her Deity,
Soft Youth their am'rous ſighs and Off'rings pay:
Sabæan Spice an hundred Altars glows,
And flow'ry Wreaths perfume the ſacred Houſe.
They with Direction of the Path march'd on,
And climb'd the Hill, whoſe jetting Front looks down
On the high Turrets, and nods o'er the Town.
Æneas the vaſt Piles with Wonder view'd,
Riſing where once a few poor Lodges ſtood;
Admiring the ſtrong Gates, and Reg'lar Ways,
And all the buſie Hurry of the place.

The

The eager *Tyrians* various Works divide,
Some with the Care of raiſing Walls employ'd;
Some frame the Cittadel; ſome trace the Plow,
VVhere private Buildings are deſign'd to grow.
Theſe fit Materials provide; and thoſe,
Laws, Magiſtrates and a grave Senate chuſe:
Here a capacious Haven they prepare;
And there they promiſe a large Theatre:
Vaſt Pillars from Earth's rocky Entrails wrought,
The Pride of future Scenes, are thither brought.
VVith Toil like this, while yet the Summer's new,
Induſtrious Bees their annual Tasks purſue:
VVhen youthful Swarms repair the faling Kind;
Or when their liquid Sweets they firmer bind:
Or in full Cells their yellow Nectar ſtow:
Or forth to meet their weary Brethren go:
Or when, in firm Battalion rang'd, they drive
The lazy Drones and Robbers from their Hive:

And

And loud they Hum, and hot the Buſtle grows,
And all around a fragrant Odour flows.
O happy Men whoſe Walls already riſe!
While he the City's growing Height ſurveys,
Said the brave Prince; and in dark Mantle hid,
Thro' ſwarming Crowds he goes, by none deſcry'd.

Within the City ſtood a ſhady Grove,
Where firſt, when ſtorms to land the *Tyrians* drove;
Digging, the fatal Horſe's Head they met,
Which *Juno* had foreſhewn, a Sign the State
Should prove renown'd in War, in Plenty great.
Here did the Queen a ſtately Temple frame,
Stupendous Work, to *Juno*'s awful Name:
Rich Offerings and wealthy Zealots Vows,
And her immediate Preſence grac'd the Houſe;
On Brazen ſteps the lofty Entrance roſe:

VVith Braſs the Beams were ſtrengthen'd and en-
(rich'd,
And brazen Gates on brazen Hinges ſcreech'd.

Here firſt an unexpected Sight reliev'd
Æneas Fears, and his faint Hopes reviv'd.
For while he there expecting *Dido* ſtays,
And the Condition of the Place ſurveys;
Admiring all that skilful Hands had done,
The State and Artful Beauties of the Town;
He ſpies the Siege of *Troy*, thoſe angry Wars
Already famous thro' the Univerſe:
The adverſe Monarchs, with their fighting Youth,
And ſtern *Achilles* equal Foe to both.
He ſtood, and weeping thus beſpoke his Friend;
VVhat place, *Achates*, what ſo diſtant Land,
VVhich has not heard our Woes? ſee *Priam* there!
See! Vertue has its Honours even here;

Ev'n

Ev'n here our Mis'ry due Compaſſion finds,
Human Misfortunes work on human Minds.
Then fear not: they who to our Suff'rings give
So juſt Regard, the Suff'rers will relieve.
He ſaid, and fed his Soul on th'empty piece,
While from his troubled Breaſt ſtrong Sighs ariſe;
And Floods of Tears fall ſtreaming from his Eyes.
For there the Tides and Ebbs of War he ſaw,
Saw the prevailing *Trojans* there purſue
The flying *Greeks*; the *Trojans* flying here,
And fierce *Achilles* hanging on the Rear:
Next the white Tents of *Rheſus* he beheld,
Which while firſt ſleep the weary *Thracians* held,
Tydides entred, and with ſlaughter fill'd;
And ſeiz'd the fiery Horſes ere they came
To taſt *Troy*'s Food, or drink of *Xanthus* ſtream:
There *Troilus* diſarm'd his Horſes drew,
VVhom Chance of Battle on *Achilles* threw.

Unequal Match! ——

Down from his empty Seat he hung ſupine,
Yet his clench'd Hand ſtill graſp'd the uſeleſs Rein;
His beauteous Head ſeem'd o'er the Stones to bound,
The Spear inverted ſcrawl'd the duſty Ground.
There went the *Trojan* Dames in mournful State,
T'avert with Off'rings fierce *Minerva's* Hate;
With Hair unfurl'd, each ſmote her tender Breaſt,
And all the Pomp of ſolemn Grief expreſt;
The ſullen Goddeſs yet diſdains their Vows
With down-caſt Eyes, nor one kind Look allows.
Thrice had *Achilles* round the *Trojan* Walls
Dead *Hector* drag'd, and now his Carcaſe ſells.
But then deep Sighs his troubled Boſom rend,
To ſee the ſad Diſhonours of his Friend;
The Spoils, the Chariot, and on bended Knee
Old *Priam* beg the wretched Courteſie.

Him-

Himſelf engag'd with *Grecian* Chiefs he ſpy'd,
And *Eaſtern* Bands by ſwarthy *Memnon* led.
And there the fierce *Penthefilea* leads,
Through adverſe Troops, her *Amazonian* Maids:
Girds up her Breaſt, her horned Buckler takes,
Thro' yielding Men her Conq'ring way ſhe makes,
And ſcorns the Diſadvantage of her Sex.

While this ſurprizing Piece the Prince ſurvey'd,
And this one Object fixt his Soul employ'd;
Attended with a num'rous youthful Train,
Up to the Temple mov'd the beauteous Queen.
Such as *Diana* on the flow'ry Mead
Where cool *Eurotas* flows, or *Cynthus* Head;
When ſhe leads forth her Virgin Train to dance,
In num'rous ſteps a thouſand Nymphs advance:
She round her Neck her ratling Quiver bears,
And the Majeſtick Goddeſs ſtill appears,

In graceful Motion high above the reſt;
A ſecret Joy tickles *Latona*'s Breaſt.
Such *Dido* was, ſo beautiful, ſo pleas'd,
She thro' thick Crouds of buſie *Tyrians* paſt;
And ſtill their Labour urg'd, and ſtill improv'd (their Haſt.)
Thence to the Temple, where ſhe proudly ſate,
Supported on the lofty Throne of State;
And round with Guards and Loyal Subjects fenc'd,
The righteous Laws and equal Tasks diſpenc'd.
VVhen thro' a gaping Crowd *Æneas* ſees
His loſt Companions making to the Place:
VVhom far diſpers'd, on Miſts and Darkneſs loſt;
The lowring Storms on diſtant Shores had toſt.
He and *Achates* both aſtoniſh'd were,
Diſtracted equally 'twixt Joy and Fear;
Their deſpair'd Friends fill them with eager Joy:
But yet unknowing what their Caſe might be,

They

They in the Clouds dark Womb conceal'd remain,
Till their Friends Fortune ſhould it ſelf explain.
At length they free Acceſs and Audience gain'd;
When calmly thus *Ilioneus* complain'd;
Great Queen, whoſe riſing Walls kind Gods allow,
To whoſe Command theſe haughty Nations bow:
We the unhappy Reſidue of *Troy*,
By adverſe Winds long driven o'er the Sea,
Do here your Juſtice and Protection crave;
From Ruine undeſerv'd our Veſſels ſave;
Spare Innocence, Ah! ſpare a pious Race;
And hear, and hearing pity our Diſtreſs.
We came not to invade your riſing State;
Our humbled Fortunes no ſuch Thoughts admit.
A Place there is by *Greeks Heſperia* nam'd,
An ancient Land, for War and Plenty fam'd;
Oenotrians heretofore the Kingdom held:
But now, 'tis ſaid, from ſome great Gen'ral call'd

Italia. Thither was our Course design'd,
VVhen hidden Tempests and a wanton Wind
Thro' Waves, o'er Rocks, and Shelves, our Navy (toss;
Of which some few came floating on your Coast.
But to the Scandal of Humanity,
Your Guards the Refuge of your Shore deny:
And threaten Fire and Sword, and needless War,
If any durst attempt their landing there.
If ye Mankind and mortal Pow'r defie,
Yet shall just Gods revenge such Injury.
Æneas was our King, ——
Than whom none e'er could boast a greater Share
Of all that's gen'rous, both in Peace and War;
Oh! If kind Fates but that dear Mortal spare!
Oh if he live, and yet breath upper Air,
Farewel our Fears and yours: none shall complain
They e'er oblig'd a *Trojan* Prince in vain.

Beside

Beſide *Aceſtes* and the Sons of *Troy*
Enjoy the Realms and Pow'r of *Sicily*.
VVe only beg Permiſſion to refit
VVithin your Ports the Ruines of our Fleet:
And then, if Heav'n our Mates and Prince reſtore,
VVe'll eaſe your Realms, and ſeek the *Latin* Shore:
But if hard Fates that great Deſign forbid,
If thou, brave Prince, in *Libyan* Seas art dead;
And all our Hopes of young *Aſcanius* fled:
At leaſt to *Sicily* our Courſe we'll ſteer,
And to *Aceſtes* ſurer Realms retire.
Thus ſpoke *Ilioneus*, and all the reſt
Bow'd, and in Murmurs their Conſent expreſt.
To whom the Queen return'd this ſhort Reply:
Far be your Jealouſie, ye Sons of *Troy*,
The Rawneſs of our Realms and daily Fear
Demand our ſtrongeſt Guards and ſtricteſt Care.

VVho

VVho but the *Trojan* Race, their high Renown,
Their daring Champions, and fierce Wars have known?
Such ſtupid Hearts we *Tyrians* do not bear,
Nor is the Sun ſo great a Stranger here.
If for th' *Heſperian* Realms ye are deſign'd,
Or for the Shore of *Sicily* intend,
Be ſure of all th' Aſſiſtance we can lend:
Or if my Kingdoms and this riſing Town
Have ought to tempt your ſtay, 'tis all your own:
Trojans and *Tyrians* ſhall one People be,
Equal, and equally belov'd by me.
And I could wiſh the ſame kind Storm had toſt
Your Prince, the brave *Æneas*, on this Coaſt:
Nay; I will ſend and ſearch, if haply he
Loſt in thick Woods, or ſome blind Village ſtray.

At this news Joy and lively Hopes poſſeſt
Æneas and *Achates* doubtful Breaſt;
Now eager to disband their uſeleſs Miſt.
When thus *Achates* to the Prince began:
Great Son of *Venus*, now what Doubts remain?
No more of Danger now, of Fear no more,
Since kinder Gods your Fleet and Friends reſtore,
All but that one, who periſh'd in our View;
In all the reſt your Mother's Words are true.
Scarce had he ſpoke: when off the Vapours clear,
The Clouds disband, and purge themſelves to Air:
There circled round with Light *Æneas* ſtood,
His Shape and Feature like ſome beauteous God:
For round him all her Charms his Mother threw,
Beauty and bluſhing Youth bloom'd on his Brow;
Such Grace the Artiſt's hand to Iv'ry lends,
So with pale Silver, Gold its florid Yellow blends.

When

VVhen he with Words th' Aſſembly and Queen
Surpriz'd, and unexpected thus began:
See! to prevent your Search, and eaſe your Fear,
See! that *Æneas* whom you ſeek is here.
To you, what Thanks ſufficient can we pay,
Great Queen, the only Friend of ruin'd *Troy*?
VVho us, its hapleſs Remnant, whom the Sword
Of *Grecian* Foes almoſt in vain had ſpar'd,
Diſtreſs'd by Sea and Land, forelorn and Poor,
Here to new Homes, and other Realms reſtore:
Nor we, nor all the ſcatter'd Race of *Troy*,
Can e'er return this Royal Courteſie.
No! may the Gods, and ſure if Gods there are,
VVho of the Good and Innocent take care;
If Juſtice, Conſcience, ought but Phantoms be;
The Debts which we cannot They will repay.
VVhat more than Mortal Parents could beſtow
On this bleſt Age ſuch Worth as ſhines in you?

For

For me, while Rivers to the Ocean flow,
While rising Mountains shade the Vales below;
While Stars feed round the Pole; your Memory
And Name, whatever Land my Portion be,
Shall still be honour'd, still be dear to me.

He said: and then in close Embraces meets
His welcome Friends, and each in order greets.
Dido surpriz'd, with what her self had seen,
And the unusual Fortune of the Man,
Long silent stood; at length she thus began:
What Fate unkind, brave Prince, thro' much distress,
Pursues and drives you to this barb'rous Place?
Are you th' *Æneas*, whom on *Simois* Shore
Kind *Venus* to her dear *Anchises* bore?
Nay, and I well remember, when for Aid
Teucer expell'd from Home to *Sidon* fled;

To make his Fortune on ſome foreign Coaſt,
And gain new Kingdoms ſince his own were loſt.
Cyprus for him my Father *Belus* took,
And made it bow beneath his Conq'ring Yoke:
E'er ſince have I the *Trojan* Story known;
The Names of *Grecian* Leaders, and your own.
Himſelf to *Trojan* Foes juſt Praiſe allow'd;
Himſelf he boaſted ſprang from *Trojan* Blood.
Come then, my welcome Youths, kindly receive
Such Entertainment as my Court can give.
I too, before I ſetled here my Throne,
Have like Severities of Fortune known;
And, by the Senſe of my own Suff'rings taught
Have learn'd to pity the Unfortunate.

Thus ſhe: and in ſhe leads her *Trojan* Gueſt,
And to the Gods proclaims a ſolemn Feaſt:
But, not unmindful of their abſent Friends,
Twenty large Oxen to the Port ſhe ſends;

The

The briſtly Flitches of an hundred Sows;
An hundred fat Lambs, with an hundred Ewes.
Mean while the Rooms of State their Pride diſplay;
And all the Pomp of Royal Luxury.
The well-wrought Furniture with Purple ſhone,
VVith maſſy Plate the burthen'd Tables groan:
And labour'd Gold in lively Portraiture,
Heroick Acts of great Forefathers bore;
A tedious Chronicle of Deeds and Men,
From him who firſt the noble Race began.
Æneas ſtill remains diſſatisfy'd,
Doubts from paternal Love his Eaſe forbid:
All's vain if his *Aſcanius* be not there,
Aſcanius the fond Parent's only Care.
Away he ſends *Achates*, to the Port,
To bear the News and bring the Lad to Court;
Bids him withal ſuch Preſents bring, as he
Had ſnatch'd from Ruin and the Flames of *Troy*:

The

The Gown and flower'd Veil, which *Helen* clad,
VVhen ſhe to *Troy* and guilty Nuptials fled;
The Scepter of *Ilione*; her Crown,
And Neck-lace, which with richeſt Jewels ſhone;
Preſents not mean, With theſe Inſtructions ſent,
Away *Achates* to the Navy went.

But *Cytherea* in her thoughtful Mind,
New Counſels fram'd, and other Arts deſign'd;
That *Cupid* ſhould *Aſcanius* Shape aſſume,
And in his ſtead diſguis'd to *Carthage* come;
And th' heedleſs Queen with treach'rous Preſents move,
And her fond Heart inſpire with ſecret Love:
For ſtill the Faithleſs *Tyrians* cauſe her fear,
Still ſhe ſuſpects their doubtful Safety there:
Malicious *Juno* wrings her jealous Breaſt,
Black Dreams and frightful Starts diſturb her Reſt.

Uneaſie

Uneaſie therefore to the Tent ſhe fled
Of winged *Love*, and thus implor'd his Aid:
My Son, my Strength, my Empire's only Stay,
Who dar'ſt thy Fathers angry Bolts defie;
I for aſſiſtance to thy Godhead fly.
What Storms at Sea, what Miſeries at Land,
Thy Brother, my *Æneas* has ſuſtain'd;
How he has felt th' effects of *Juno*'s Spleen,
Too well thou know'ſt; and oft thy ſelf haſt been
Griev'd at his Wrongs, and mix'd thy Tears with mine.
Phenician Dido with a ſpecious ſhew
Of Kindneſs and fair Words detains him now:
But ſtill I fear ſome ſecret Danger nigh
When *Juno* entertains the Sons of *Troy*;
Her watchful Malice will not let her miſs
An Opportunity ſo great as this.

Therefore my Fears bid me prevent with Art
The Queen, and place thee Guardian of her Heart;
Leſt any Pow'r corrupt to worſe Deſign
Her Will, for my *Æneas* may ſhe pine,
And love him with a Paſſion great as mine.
So I've reſolv'd, nor are the Means unknown;
The Royal Youth, who my chief Care is grown,
Obeys his Father's Summons to the Town:
And with him Preſents bears, which ſtill remain
Sav'd from *Troy*'s Flames and th' fury of the Main
Him will I folded in the Arms of Sleep
On high *Cythera* or *Idalia* keep;
Leſt cloſe Reſtraint diſturb his jealous Thought,
Or intervening cruſh th' abortive Plot.
Do thou one Night diſguis'd like him appear,
One Night his Shape and well-known Features wear:

So

So when the Queen, ſoftned with Royal Feaſts
And freer Wine, ſhall claſp thee to her Breaſts,
And kiſs thy lovely Cheek; do thou inſpire
Thy pleaſing Venom and unbreeded Fire.
Obſequious *Love* his Mother's Will obeys,
Aſide his Wings and Heav'nly Form he lays;
And counterfeits *Iulus* Pace and Tongue,
Pleas'd with the Change; and prattling trips along.
Venus mean while the true *Aſcanius* kept
In pleaſing Dreams and dewy Slumbers wrapt:
Lull'd in her Arms the Goddeſs bore away
To her *Idalian* Groves the ſleeping Boy;
Where their delicious Breaths ſweet Herbs and (Flowrs
Round him exhale, and riſe to ſhady Bow'rs.
But now, with Preſents fraught, the Heav'nly Boy
Pleas'd with his Guide, to *Carthage* makes his way.
When he arriv'd, the Queen ſtrait took her Seat
I'th'midſt, upon a golden Couch of State;

Round her *Æneas* and the Youth of *Troy*
In order all on Purple Carpets lay:
The Servants Water brought, and plac'd the Bread,
And well-wrought Napkins round the Tables laid:
Within did fifty Damsels neatly dreſt
Manage the State and Order of the Feaſt:
An hundred, with as many Pages joyn'd
Of equal Years, round the large Boards attend.
The *Tyrians* too, in ſwarms to Court repair,
And th' Publick Mirth and Entertainment ſhare;
The Preſents all admire, admire the Lad;
The God's freſh Looks, and counterfeited Chat.
But hapleſs *Dido*, doom'd to future Woes,
No End, no Meaſure of her Fondneſs knows;
Gazes, and ever gazing Fonder grows:
The Boy and Gifts her Admiration move
Alike, and both alike provoke her Love.

He

He having long on his falſe Father hung
And eas'd his Soul, away to *Dido* ſprung.
Her Eyes, her Heart dwell ſetled on the Boy,
And oft ſhe dandles him upon her Knee;
Nor knows what Weight ſhe bears of Deity.
He mindful of his Mother's Charge ſoon ras'd
All Thoughts of dead *Sicheus* from her Breaſt:
Then with new lively Paſſion ſtrives to move
Her liſtleſs Heart, and long unus'd to Love.
Soon as the Edge of Appetite was laid,
The Boards were clear'd, and full crown'd Bowls (ſucceed.
The Ecchoing Courts around divide the Joy:
And loud Huzza's through all the Palace fly.
Lamps hanging from high Roofs dart vig'rous Light,
And drive far off the heavy Shades of Night.
Here did the Queen for that rich Goblet call,
In which Old *Belus* us'd to drink, and all

From *Belus* down to her: Then, Silence made,
Dido the Goblet took, and thus she pray'd;
Grant mighty *Jove*, (for thou, the Strangers Friend,
Giv'st Laws of Hospitality to Men;)
Grant, that thro' all succeeding Times, this Day
May both to *Trojans* and to *Tyrians* be
A Day of Mirth, and glad Solemnity;
Juno and *Bacchus* smile upon our Feast,
The Gods be kind, and ye my *Tyrians* pleas'd.
Then on the Board she spill'd a sacred Drop;
Her self scarce kiss'd the Lips of the wide Cup,
And smacking gav't to *Bitias*: but he
At one large Draught took down the frothy Sea.
Round went the Bowl; while curl'd *Iopas* strung
His golden Harp, and Works of Nature sung,
By *Atlas* taught: th' Excursions of the Moon,
And never ceasing Labours of the Sun;

Whence

Whence Men and Beaſts, Thunder and Rain pro-
ceed;
How Stars by Night their reg'lar Mazes tread;
What makes the Winter Sun ſo haſty go
Down to the Sea; what makes the Nights ſo ſlow.
Tyrians and *Trojans* equally combine
To praiſe the Song, and loud Applauſes joyn.
But the fond Queen with various Diſcourſe,
And needleſs Queries ſtill protracts the Hours.
And long Occaſions of Love ſhe takes,
Vain Doubts of *Priam* and of *Hector* makes;
Enquiring oft what Armour *Memnon* wore;
And oft what part the fierce *Achilles* bore.
Nay come, ſays ſhe, dear Gueſt, begin and tell
The *Grecian* Treach'ry, *Troy*'s unhappy Fall,
And your own Travels: for ſev'n times the Sun
Has brought back Summer, ſince your Toils begun.

Part of the Second Book.

ALL huſht and mute with Expectation ſate,
When thus *Æneas* from his Throne began:
Sad is the Task, great Queen, which you enjoyn,
Our Suff'rings to repeat: how wretched *Troy*,
It's Pow'r and Wealth, by Cruel *Greeks* were ſpoil'd;
And all the diſmal Things I ſaw, of them
My ſelf no inconſiderable Part.
VVho the moſt ſavage of our Enemies;
What hardy Soldier from *Ulyſſes* Camp
Could without Tears ſuch Miſeries relate?
And now the dewy Wheels of Night haſt down,
The *Weſtern* Steep of Heav'n, and falling Stars;

Rather

Rather to Sleep and needful Reſt adviſe:
But if ſo great your Curioſity,
To learn our Fortunes, and *Troy*'s laſt ſad Hour;
Tho' my Soul at the black Remembrance ſtart,
With Grief recoiling; yet I will begin.
By Fate and Pow'r repell'd the *Grecian* Chiefs,
After ſo many Years ſucceſsleſs War,
Contrive a mighty Horſe of Mountain bulk,
By curious Architecture fram'd, and ſenc'd
With Planks his wooden Ribs; pretending it
A Vow for their Return; ſo 'twas given out;
But in his darkſom Entrails ſecretly
They ſtow'd the Flow'r of their remaining Troops
And fill with Arms and Men his hollow Womb:
In Sight lies *Tenedos*, an Iſle Renown'd,
Renown'd for Wealth, while *Priam*'s Empire ſtood;
Now only a ſmall Creek, and dang'rous Road:
Hither the *Grecian* Fleet retir'd from ſight

Behind

Behind the Rocks and unfrequented Shore;
We thought them fail'd directly back for *Greece*.
Troy therefore soon forgot her long Distress,
Open were flung the Gates; and pleasant 'twas
To view the *Grecian* Camp, the Country clear'd,
And the abandon'd Shore. Here lay the Band
Of *Dolopes*: there stern *Achilles* march'd; (joyn'd.
Here rode the Fleet: there were fierce Battels
Most had their Eyes with Admiration fix'd
On *Pallas* bulky Gift, their future Ruine.
And first *Thymætes*, whether mov'd by Fate
Or Treachery, advis'd it to be brought
Within the City, and plac'd in the Tow'r.
But *Capys*, and the wiser Heads perswade
To drown or burn the *Greeks* suspicious Gift:
Or bore and wisely search its hollow Womb.
The doubtful Vulgar various Thoughts divide;
There first *Laocoon* with angry Hast

From

From the high Tower, with a num'rous Train,
Runs foaming down, and bellows from afar:
What Frenzy thus miſleads my Countrymen?
Do ye believe our Foes thus tamely gone?
Or do ye think *Greek* Gifts can want Deſign?
And is *Ulyſſes* yet no better known?
Either this treach'rous Wood is lin'd with *Greeks*
Or 'tis an Engine fram'd againſt our Wails,
To ſcale our Works and overlook the Town:
Or 'tis ſome ſly Deſign; whate'er it be,
I dread the very Kindneſs of the *Greeks*
He ſaid; and with full ſtrength his Jav'lin whirl'd
Againſt the Horſes ſide, that trembling ſtood;
And ſtrait a grumbling Sound follow'd the ſtroke,
And from it's hollow Entrails came a Groan.
Then had not Fate arm'd all our Thoughts askew;
The *Greeks* had dy'd, in their own Ambuſh caught;
And *Troy* and *Priam*'s Court had ſtill remain'd.

Part

Part of the Third Book.

SInce it ſo pleas'd the Gods our *Aſian* State
And *Priam*'s guiltleſs Nation muſt be loſt;
Since haughty *Ilium* was now no more,
And *Neptune*'s Work lay ſmoaking on the ground:
We by the Oracles of Gods are urg'd
To leave our Native Lands, and ſeek new Homes:
Under *Antandros*, at the foot of *Ide*,
VVe build a Fleet, (unknowing whither Fate
Would call, or where we might expect to reſt)
And raiſe what Force we could; Summer ſcarce (peep'd,
When by my aged Father we are bid
To hoiſe, and truſt our Sails to Providence.

Weeping

Weeping I bid my Native Shores adieu,
The *Phrygian* Ports, and Fields where *Troy* once (ſtood;
By Fate an Exile forc'd I to the Waves
My Self, my Friends, my Son, and Gods commit.
Far hence there lies a Land, by *Thracians* till'd,
Where in times paſt ſevere *Lycurgus* reign'd;
In amicable League Allied to *Troy*
While *Troy* its Grandeur held; here in ill Hour
I firſt touch'd Land, and on the crooked Shore
Rais'd my firſt Walls, and gave it mine own Name.
Here to my Mother ſacred Rites I paid,
And to the Gods who favour'd my Deſign;
To *Jove* a Milk-white Bull bled on the Shore.
Faſt by there roſe a little Hill, thick ſtuck
With Shrubs and Myrtle Spears. I went, and ſtrove
To raviſh from it's Earth the ſprouting Grove,
To ſhade my Altars with it's leafy Boughs;
When a ſtrange Prodigy ſurpriz'd my Sight:

For

For the first Tree, which from the Earth I forc'd,
From his torn Roots trickled black Drops of Blood,
And stain'd the Ground with Gore: a shiv'ring Fear
Shot thro' my Veins, and curdled all my Blood.
Desirous yet to learn the secret Cause
Of an Effect so strange, a second Twig
I pluck'd, and from a second Twig drop'd Blood:
Amaz'd, and troubled to the Nymphs I kneel'd,
And *Mars*, the Guardian of those Lands, besought
The Omen to avert, and turn't to good.
But while I fix'd my Knees to ground, and strove
With all my strength from Earth to pluck a third;
(Shall I proceed, or leave the rest untold?)
Deep from the Earth there came a mournful groan,
And a sad Voice thus speaking reach'd my Ears:
Forbear, *Æneas*, to torment the dead;
Stain not with Cruelty thy Righteous Hands.

That

That which thou now behold'ſt drop from theſe (Trees
Is *Trojan* Blood and near Ally'd to thine;
Oh! fly this cruel Land, this greedy Shore.
For I am *Polydore*, a Grove of Spears
Here ſlew, and cover'd me; and in my Fleſh
Fixing their Iron Heads, took Root and grew.
Then new Amazement ſeiz'd my doubtful Mind,
My Hair ſtood upright, and Fear cramp'd my (Tongue.
This *Polydore* unhappy *Priam* ſent
VVith mighty Treaſure to the *Thracian* King;
VVhen he began to doubt the Fate of *Troy*,
And ſaw his Walls girt with a threat'ning Siege.
He, when he ſaw the *Trojan* Pow'r decay,
Took Fortune's part, and with the Conqu'ror joyn'd
Forgot all Right; young *Polydore* he ſlew,
And by unjuſt Violence his Treaſure ſeiz'd.
O Gold! how do's the curſt Deſire of thee
VVork irreſiſtibly on mortal Hearts!

At

At length, recovering from deep Amaze,
I to my Chieftains, and my Father firſt
Diſcloſe the Prodigies, and ask their Thoughts;
Unanimous they all agree to leave
The treach'rous unhoſpitable Shore.
To *Polydore* we Fun'ral Rites perform'd,
Made him a Tomb of Earth, and Altars rais'd
To the infernal Pow'rs, with Purple Fillets
And Cypreſs Garlands mournfully adorn'd.
VVith Hair diſhevel'd ſtood the *Trojan* Dames:
Bowls frothing with warm Milk and hallow'd Gore
VVe ſacrifice; and to the quiet Grave
Commit his Ghoſt, and hail him off to Reſt.

Part of the Fourth Book.

ALready was the Queen ſtruck deep with Love,
The ſly Diſeaſe creeps circling round her Veins;
And ſecret Flames within prey on her Heart:
The Hero's Vertue, and his Country's Fame
Are the perpetual Objects of her Thought:
Still preſent ſhe beholds his Charming Face,
His charming Voice ſtill Ecchoes in her Ears,
By careful Love, kept waking all the Night.
Now had next morning Sun with radiant Light
Gilded the *Eaſt*, and dewy Night diſpell'd;
When to her Siſter thus diſtracted ſhe
Unfolds her ſecret Grief: Ah! deareſt *Ann*,
What mean theſe troubled thoughts which break (my nights,
And to my weary Eye-lids grant no reſt?
What noble Stranger do we entertain!
How charming are his Looks! how brave his (Soul!
VVell! I believe (and juſtly I believe)

That he indeed is ſprung of Race Divine.
Baſe low-born Souls are by their Fear betray'd:
VVhat Shocks of adverſe Fortune bravely born,
VVhat hard Exploits of War did he relate!
VVere not my Soul unalterably fix'd,
No more to link my ſelf in Nuptial Bands,
Since my firſt Love by Death was diſappointed;
Did I not hate the name of Love and Wedlock,
To this one Fault perhaps I could ſubmit:
For I muſt own, ſince poor *Sichæus* dy'd,
And ſtain'd with Blood his Brother's guilty Walls,
None e'er ſo far inclin'd my Soul to Love:
Nor were my Reſolutions e'er ſo ſhock'd;
I feel my former Flame returning ſtrong.
But may the yawning Earth firſt ſwallow me;
Or Thunder ſtrike me to the Shades below,
Pale Shades of *Erebus*, and Night profound,
E'er I the Laws of Chaſtity tranſgreſs:

No; he who firſt my Vows and Heart engag'd,
He bore away my Love to his cold Grave;
There let it lie buried with him for ever.
Thus ſaid ſhe mournful, and with ſhow'rs of Tears,
Water'd her Boſom; when thus *Ann* replies:
O dearer to thy Siſter than this Light,
Why will you loſe the pretious Bloom of Youth
In ſolitary Grief? nor know the Joys
Of pretty Babes, and all the Sweets of Love?
Think you cold Aſhes and departed Souls
Regard ſuch Matter? or, ſuppoſe they do,
He cannot think you eaſie, who ſo long
Remain'd irreconcileable to Love:
Nor could *Iarbas*, nor what other Chiefs
Victorious *Affrick* breeds, acceptance find.
And will you ſtill reſiſt the Charms of Love?
Regard at leaſt the Dangers of your State;
On every ſide by warlike Neighbours girt.

Here fierce *Getulians* ſpread their Conqu'ring Arms,
And wild *Numidians*: there a Deſart wide,
And the far-ravaging *Darceans* lie.
What need I mind you of your Brother's Threats,
And Wars prepar'd to follow us from *Tyre*?
To me the *Trojans* ſeem by Heaven ſent
And *Juno*'s friendly Care to be our Guard.
Strengthen'd by ſuch Alliance how ſhall we
Advance your growing State! to what a height
Of Glory ſhall you ſee your *Carthage* riſe!
Only do you by Pray'r and Sacrifice
Propitiate Heav'n, then to your Gueſt be kind,
And frame Excuſes for his longer ſtay;
The ſtormy Seaſon, and tempeſtuous Stars,
His ſhatter'd Fleet, and the unruly Sky.
Thus ſhe with Words fuel'd her am'rous Flame,
Wip'd off all Shame, and let her looſe to Love.

CHRIST

CHRIST Born.

A Paſtoral.

ATtend, ye Shepherds, to my rural Song;
Rural, but ſweet, and with high matter fraught
My Meditation, while full of Thought
From *Fairfield*'s ever hoſpitable Seat;
Great in it ſelf, but in it's Owners more.
(Swains muſt not flatter, but may give juſt Praiſe)
To aged *Severn*'s rocky Shore I walk,
And roam the Fields, heedleſs of any Path,
For ſo I uſe, a poor contented Swain.
Sweet are the Fields to them who early walk,
And pleaſant ſounds from far the murm'ring Sea.
Attend, ye Shepherds, to my rural Song,
Safe are your Flocks; nor tedious is my Verſe.

Disdaining humble Furzes and low Shrubs,
Fond Shepherds wanton Loves, and sordid Cares;
To higher Thoughts I tune my Past'ral Reed:
Such as *Sicilian* Muse of old ne'er joyn'd
To oaten Pipe; nor he who *Mantua* bred,
Nor could: tho' sweeter far his Lays than mine.
I the great Shepherd sing, whose wond'rous Birth
Angelic Quires to humble Shepherds sung.
An arduous, but not improper, Task,
Since all to Shepherds and their Flocks confin'd.
Attend ye Shepherds to my rural Song,
Safe are your Flocks; nor tedious is my Verse.
In *Bethlem*'s verdant Pastures, round their Folds
Shepherds by Night their careful Watches kept,
Fearless of Blastings, Dews and midnight Cold:
So great their Love of Flocks or Thirst of Gain.
By chance together they had pitch'd their Folds,
Protected safer thus by mutual Aid;

Where,

Where, after each had walk'd his nightly Rounds,
They met; and, as befell, mix'd various Chat;
Yet not of am'rous Toys, or female Guiles;
But with wiſe Talk deceiv'd the Hours of Night.
What mean, ſaid one (and round he tuckt his Cloak
Cloſe to his Breaſt, as bent on long Diſcourſe)
VVhat mean the People, who on tiptoe ſtand
Expecting the Deliv'rer, who ſhould come,
And reſcue *Iſrael* from long Servitude?
For ſo I heard, when to the Temple late
I drove my tender Lambs, meek Offerings.
Theſe careful Watches then we need not keep,
Tame Wolves and Lambs ſhall then together play,
Lions with fearleſs Kids; ſo 'tis foretold.
Attend, ye Shepherds, to my rural Song,
Safe are your Flocks; nor tedious is my Verſe.
Are now the years fulfill'd? is this the time
VVhere our inſpired Prophets have foretold,

A Branch of *Jeſſe*, ſprung from *David*'s Loyns,
His Father's Scepter ſhall reſume, and rule
All Nations; and whoſe Reign ſhall never end?
Sure when he comes, we ſhall not be forgot,
For *David* was a Shepherd ere a King.
Come when he will, two of my fatteſt Lambs
Shall, as a Vow, on th' holy Altars bleed.
Thus talk'd the Swain, and he much more had talk'd
Ev'n till the Morning Star and Day aroſe:
But ſuddenly a glorious Glare of Light
Surpriz'd the ſleeping Field: a glorious Light
Bright as the mid-day Sun, when from the Crab
He ſtares with glowing Eyes on the parch'd Earth;
Then Shepherds, lead your Flocks beneath the Shade,
Or to ſome Silver ſtream; for Heat breeds Thirſt,

Attend, ye Shepherds, to my rural Song,
Safe are your Flocks; nor tedious is my Verſe.

Reſt,

Reſt, reſt again, ye Sheep, 'tis a falſe Day;
Reſt, till Day break indeed, and Night be gone.
Amidſt the Glory was an Angel ſeen,
And thus he ſpake: Ceaſe, Shepherps, ceaſe to fear:
To you, from the Eternal I am ſent,
VVith Tidings ſent, which ye ſhall joy to hear,
Ye and all Nations: for this Day is born
Your Saviour; *David*'s long expected Son.
And leſt ye doubt, ſtrait hence to *Bethlem* go,
There in a Manger, humble Cradle, lies
The ſmiling Babe; go ye, and ſee him there.
VVhile thus he ſpake, a Quire of Angels came
VVafting thro' Air, and hovering on Wing
Chanted Celeſtial Hymns; and Glory ſung
To him that ſits on the Eternal Throne,
On the Earth Peace, and good Will toward Men,
Attend, ye Shepherds, to my rural Song;
Safe are your Flocks; nor tedious is my Verſe.

They

They joyful went, and going, much they talk'd
Of what they saw, and what they were to see.
VVhy this to us, said they, of all Mankind?
Sure Heav'n is partial to the Shepherds Life,
Since righteous *Abel* first acceptance found;
Our great Lawgiver kept his Father's Sheep
And *David* from his Fold was call'd to reign:
No Wolf, nor Thief, ye Sheep, infest your Folds,
But rest in Peace untill your Swains return.

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